

KING HENRY IV

SECOND PART

by William Shakespeare



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Editor's General Note

The Text. The editor has kept before him the aim of presenting to the modern reader the nearest possible approximation to what Shakespeare actually wrote. The text is therefore conservative, and is based on the earliest reliable printed text. But to avoid distraction (a) the spelling is modernised, and (b) a limited number of universally accepted emendations is admitted without comment. Where a Quarto text exists as well as the First Folio the passages which occur only in the Quarto are enclosed in square brackets [] and those which occur only in the Folio in brace brackets { }.

Scene Division. The rapid continuity of the Elizabethan curtainless production is lost by the 'traditional' scene divisions. Where there is an essential difference of place these scene divisions are retained. Where on the other hand the change of place is insignificant the scene division is indicated only by a space on the page. For ease of reference, however, the 'traditional' division is retained at the head of the page and in line numbering.

Notes. Passages on which there are notes are indicated by a † in the margin.

Punctuation adheres more closely than has been usual to the 'Elizabethan' punctuation of the early texts. It is often therefore more indicative of the way in which the lines were to be delivered than of their syntactical construction.

Glossaries are arranged on a somewhat novel principle, not alphabetically, but in the order in which the words or phrases occur. The editor is much indebted to Mr J. N. Bryson for his collaboration in the preparation of the glossaries.

Preface

The Text. For the First Part of *Henry IV* we have a series of Quartos preceding the Folio, and the Folio was clearly printed from one of them. For the Second Part the situation is singularly different. There is only one Quarto, published in the latter part of 1600; this in itself is surprising, in view of the popularity of the play, and has led to conjectures that there must have been other Quarto editions of which no copies have come down to us. But the relation between the Folio and this one Quarto is also something of an oddity. Up to a point the relation is the usual one; the Folio expurgates or mollifies the oaths (as in the case of the First Part, with more rigorous thoroughness than is observable in most other plays) and emends with more or less success and plausibility a number of corrupt or unmetrical passages. But whereas the Quarto contains about 40 lines that do not occur in the Folio, the Folio contains no less than 170 lines which do not occur in the Quarto. It seems, then, that the Folio was either printed from (or at least 'in consultation with') an independent MS., or was printed from a MS. which had been 'cut,' but the cuts in which were observed by Q and neglected by F. It was certainly not printed from Q. (It may be noticed, as a small point of evidence, that in *IV*. v. 43-6 F gets the line division wrong, which would be easy enough from a MS. but highly unlikely from a correctly divided printed text.) The main Q omissions are I. i. 166-79, 189-209 (most of two longish speeches of Morton), I. iii. 36-55, 85-108; II. iii. 23-45; IV. i. 55-79, 103-39. One expects to find that such omissions are ordinary dramatic cuts, excising passages whose length was not compensated for by their relevance or dramatic

effect. But the moment that we begin to examine them a curious feature of them becomes at once apparent. If their omission was a matter of cutting, the cutting has been done with the most singular lack of skill. In two instances at least the Q omission makes nonsense of what remains (I. 1. 189-209, where in Q there is no 'this' for Northumberland to have known of before, and IV. 1. 103-39, where in Q Westmoreland has made no 'digression'), and two or three of the other omissions cause at least an awkward abruptness. So unskilled, indeed, is the cutting, if cutting it was, that one is tempted to wonder whether there is perhaps a significance rather than a mere coincidence in the roughly equal lengths (from 20-25 lines) of five of the seven omissions, whether, that is, the omissions were the result not of unskilful purpose but of mechanical accident. But the whole problem is highly complicated: there is a wealth of conjecture and a paucity of evidence, and it is perhaps enough to say that Q and F represent two different 'states,' and that the text here given is based on Q with the passages peculiar to F inserted, enclosed in brace brackets { }, and the passages peculiar to Q enclosed in square brackets [].¹

Date of Composition. The Second Part was clearly written before 1599, since there is an allusion to Justice Silence in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, produced in that year, and the Epilogue to the Second Part itself implies that *Henry V* (1599) is, though

¹ It should perhaps be pointed out that the extant copies of Q exhibit a most interesting series of variants, due in one case to a section of the type having to be broken up and completely reset to allow the inclusion of omitted matter, and in the others to the activities of the press corrector who conducted his operations while the sheets were being printed off. But though a few of them may throw a possible light on the relation between Q and F, the proper study of them is intricate, and they are neglected in the Notes

projected, at any rate not finished. The inevitable Meres does not help us much, since we cannot tell whether by *Henry IV* he means the First Part only. But it is at least reasonable to assume that no considerable interval separated the two parts, and 1598 appears, therefore, the likely date.

Source. As in the First Part, Shakespeare drew on *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, particularly for the relations between the King and the Prince, and on Holinshed (and probably also on Stow) for the historical background, sacrificing, as usual, chronological exactitude to dramatic effect. Finally, traces may be found, particularly towards the end of the play, of the influence of Daniel's *Civil Wars*.

Duration of Action. Daniel's analysis gives two months or less for the whole duration of the action, with nine historical days and three 'Falstaffian' days represented on the stage.

Criticism. Moigann's famous essay (in the full title of which the word 'dramatic' is important), "On the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff," if it is to be justly appreciated, needs to be read as a whole, but one or two samples may be given :—

"The reader will very easily apprehend that a character, which we might wholly disapprove of, considered as existing in human life, may yet be thrown on the stage into certain peculiar situations, and be compressed by external influences into such temporary appearances, as may render such character for a time highly acceptable and entertaining, and even more distinguished for qualities, which on this supposition would be accidents only, than another character really possessing those qualities, but which, under the pressure of

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the same situation and influences, would be distorted into a different form, or totally lost in tinnidity and weakness. . . . To return then to the vices of *Falstaff*—We have frequently referred to them under the name of ill habits ;—but perhaps the reader is not fully aware how very vicious he indeed is ;—he is a robber, a glutton, a cheat, a drunkard, and a liar, lascivious, vain, insolent, profligate, and profane :—A fine infusion this, and such as without very excellent cookery must have thrown into the dish a great deal too much of the *fumet*. It was a nice operation ;—these vices were not only to be of a particular sort, but it was also necessary to guard them at both ends ; on the *one*, from all appearance of malicious motive, and indeed from the manifestation of any ill principle whatever, which must have produced *disgust*,—a sensation no less opposite to laughter than is *respect* ;—and, on the *other*, from the notice, or even apprehension, in the spectators, of *pernicious effect* ; which produces *grief* and *terror*, and is the proper province of Tragedy alone . . . But what then after all is become of *old Jack* ? Is this the jovial delightful companion—*Falstaff*, the favourite and the boast of the Stage ?—by no means. But it is, I think however, the *Falstaff* of Nature ; the very stuff out of which the *Stage Falstaff* is composed ; nor was it possible, I believe, out of any other materials he could have been formed. From this disagreeable draught we shall be able, I trust, by a proper disposition of light and shade, and from the influence and compression of external things, to produce *plump Jack*, the life of humour, the spirit of pleasantry, and the soul of mirth. To this end, *Falstaff* must no longer be considered as a single independent character, but grouped, as we find him shewn to us in the Play ;—his ability must be disgraced by buffoonery, and his Courage by circumstances of imputation ; and those qualities be thereupon reduced into subjects

of mirth and laughter:—His vices must be concealed at each end from vicious design and evil effect, and assume the name of humour only; his insolence must be repressed by the superior tone of *Hal* and *Poins*, and take to softer name of spirit only, or alacrity of mind;—his state of dependence, his temper of accommodation, and his activity, must fall in precisely with the indulgence of his humours, that is, he must thrive best and flatter most, by being extravagantly incongruous; and his own tendency, impelled by so much activity, will carry him with perfect ease and freedom to all the necessary excesses. . . . This compleats the Dramatic character of *Falstaff*, and gives him that appearance of perfect good-nature, pleasantry, mellowness, and hilarity of mind, for which we admire and almost love him, tho' we feel certain reserves which forbid our going that length; the true reason of which is, that there will always be found a difference between mere appearances, and reality: Nor are we, nor can we be, insensible that whenever the action of external influence upon him is in whole or part relaxed, the character restores itself proportionably to its more displeasing condition."

Bradley.—Professor Bradley's paper on "The Rejection of Falstaff" in his *Oxford Lectures on Poetry* is as penetrating, illuminating and just as his famous analysis of the tragedies. But his argument is too closely knit to admit of excerpts, and I must content myself with a brief summary, and the concluding words.

His general argument is that we fall into dissatisfaction at the rejection of Falstaff because we misapprehend the character of the Prince. If we accepted the clues which Shakespeare gives us to the strong element of politic hardness in Hal which he inherited from his father, and if we looked forward more clearly to the time when this apparently madcap Prince is to be the great King, we

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should know that the rejection of Falstaff is inevitable. Further, Shakespeare softens the blow so far as he can in two ways ; in the first place, in the Second Part of the play the relations between Falstaff and the Prince are much less intimate than in the First Part (in fact they meet only once), so that we feel that the rejection has in a sense already begun ; and, in the second place, the less likeable side of Falstaff is thrown into much greater prominence in the Second Part, so that we feel that he is no possible companion for a King who is to be a national hero. Finally, the very circumstances of Falstaff's presentation of himself debar the King from any softening of the abruptness of the blow.

" Yet all these excellent devices fail. They cause us momentary embarrassment at times when repellent traits in Falstaff's character are disclosed, but they fail to change our attitude of humour into one of seriousness, and our sympathy into repulsion. And they were bound to fail, because Shakespeare shrank from adding to them the one device which would have ensured success. If, as the Second Part of *Henry IV* advanced, he had clouded over Falstaff's humour so heavily that the man of genius turned into the Falstaff of the *Merry Wives*, we should have witnessed his rejection without a pang. This Shakespeare was too much of an artist to do—though even in this way he did something—and without this device he could not succeed. As I said, in the creation of Falstaff he overreached himself. He was caught up on the wind of his own genius, and carried so far that he could not descend to earth at the intended spot. It is not a misfortune that happens to many authors, nor is it one that we can regret, for it costs us but a trifling inconvenience in one scene, while we owe to it perhaps the greatest comic character in literature. For it is in this character, and not in the judgment he brings upon Falstaff's head, that Shakespeare asserts his

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supremacy. To show that Falstaff's freedom of soul was in part illusory, and that the realities of life refused to be conjured away by his humour—this was what we might expect from Shakespeare's unfailing sanity, but it was surely no achievement beyond the power of lesser men. The achievement was Falstaff himself, and the conception of that freedom of soul, a freedom illusory only in part, and attainable only by a mind which had received from Shakespeare's own hand the inexplicable touch of infinity which he bestowed on Hamlet and Macbeth and Cleopatra, but denied to Henry the Fifth " 1

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KING HENRY IV
PART II

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

RUMOUR, *the Presenter.*

KING HENRY *the Fourth.*

HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, *afterwards King Henry V,*

THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE,

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,

PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER,

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

EARL OF SURREY.

GOWER.

HARCOURT.

BLUNT.

Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench.

A Servant of the Chief-Justice.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*

LORD MOWBRAY.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD BARDOLPH.

SIR JOHN COLVILLE.

TRAVERS and MORTON, *retainers of Northumberland.*

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

His Page.

BARDOLPH.

PETO.

POINS.

PISTOL.

SHALLOW, } *country justices.*

SILENCE, }

DAVY, *servant to Shallow.*

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCalf, *recruits.*

FANG and SNARE, *sheriff's officers.*

FRANCIS, *a drawer.*

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.

LADY PERCY.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Lords and Attendants ; Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

A Dancer, speaker of the Epilogue.

SCENE : *England.*

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Whiles the big year swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe,
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads,
The still discordant^s wav'ring multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory,
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword,
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns,
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,

And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me ; from Rumour's tongues
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
 wrongs.

Exit 40

Enter Lord Bardolph

Bar Who keeps the gate here, ho ?

The porter opens the gate

Where is the earl ?

Por. What shall I say you are ?

Bar. Tell thou the earl

That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Por. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard ;

Please it your honour knock but at the gate,

And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland

Bar. Here comes the earl.

Exit Porter

Nor. What news, Lord Bardolph ? every minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem :

The times are wild, contention, like a horse,

Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,

10

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And bears down all before him.

Bar. Noble earl,

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

Nor. Good, an God will !

Bar. As good as heart can wish .

The king is almost wounded to the death,
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright, and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas, young Prince John,
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field,
And Harry Monmouth's brawne, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son : O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes !

Nor How is this deriv'd ?

Saw you the field ? came you from Shrewsbury ?

Bar. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,

That freely render'd me these news for true.

Nor. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter Travers

Bar. My lord, I over-rode him on the way,

And he is furnish'd with no certainties

More than he haply may retail from me.

Nor. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you ?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
 With joyful tidings, and, being better hors'd,
 Out-rode me ; after him came spurring hard
 A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
 That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse,
 He ask'd the way to Chester, and of him
 I did demand what news from Shrewsbury, 40
 He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold :
 With that, he gave his able horse the head,
 And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

Nor. Ha ! Again :
 Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold,
 Of Hotspur Coldspur ? that rebellion 50
 Had met ill luck ?

Bar. My lord, I'll tell you what,
 If my young lord your son have not the day,
 Upon mine honour, for a silken point
 I'll give my barony, never talk of it.

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Nor. Why should that gentleman that rode by Travers
Give them such instances of loss ?

Bar. Who, he ?
He was some hilding fellow that had stol'n
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton

Nor. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf, 60
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume ;
So looks the strond whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury ?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

Nor. How doth my son and brother ?
Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand ;
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, 70
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone, "
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt ;
But Priam found the fire ere he, his tongue,
And I, my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, ' Your son did thus and thus,

Your brother thus : so fought the noble Douglas,
 Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds,
 But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, 80
 Ending with ' Brother, son, and all are dead.'

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet ;
 But, for my lord your son,—

Nor. Why, he is dead ?
 See what a ready tongue suspicion hath !
 He that but fears the thing he would not know
 Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
 That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton ,
 Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
 And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
 And make thee rich for doing me such wrong. 90

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid,
 Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

Nor. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead ;
 I see a strange confession in thine eye,
 Thou shalt thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,
 To speak a truth : if he be slain, {say so ;}
 The tongue offends not that reports his death,
 And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
 Not he which says the dead is not alive ;
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100

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Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,

‘Remember’d tolling a departing friend.

Bar. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe

That which I would to God I had not seen,

But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,

Rendering faint quittance, wearied, and outbreath’d,

To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath beat down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth,

110

From whence with life he never more sprung up.

In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire

Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,

Being bruited once, took fire and heat away

From the best-temper’d courage in his troops,

For from his metal was his party steel’d,

Which once in him abated, all the rest

Turn’d on themselves, like dull and heavy lead :

And as the thing that ’s heavy in itself,

Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,

120

So did our men, heavy in Hotspur’s loss,

Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear

That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim

Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,

Fly from the field ; then was that noble Worcester

So soon ta'en prisoner, and that furious Scot,
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
 Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
 'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
 Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight, 130
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
 Is, that the king hath won, and hath sent out
 A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
 And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

Nor. For this I shall have time enough to mourn ;
 In poison there is physic, and these news,
 Having been well, that would have made me sick,
 Being sick, have (in some measure) made me well :
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints, 140
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
 Are thrice themselves : hence, therefore, thou nice
 crutch !

A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
 Must glove this hand, and hence, thou sickly quoin,
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit :

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Now bind my brows with iron, and approach 150
 The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
 'To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland !
 Let heaven kiss earth, now let not Nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd, let order die,
 And let this world no longer be a stage,
 To feed contention in a lingering act ,
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead ! 160

[*Tra.* This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.] †
Bar. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.
Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
 Lean on your health, the which if you give o'er
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
 ; You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
 And summ'd the account of chance, before you
 said
 ' Let us make head.' It was your presumisc,
 That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop :
 You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge, †
 More likely to fall in than to get o'er ; 171
 You were advis'd his flesh was capable
 Of wounds and scars ; and that his forward spirit

Would lift him where most trade of danger
rang'd :

Yet did you say ' Go forth ; ' and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action : what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be ? }

Bar. We all that are engaged to this loss 180
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one,
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd,
And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time, and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
{The gentle Archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers : he is a man 190
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight ;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls ;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only

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Seem'd on our side ; But, for their spirits and
souls,

This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop 200
Turns insurrection to religion :
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind ;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones ;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause ;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
And more and less do flock to follow him. }

Nor. I knew of this before, but, to speak truth, 210
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind ;
Go in with me and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge,
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed,
Never so few, and never yet more need.

• *Exeunt*

SCENE II

*London. A street**Enter Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword
and buckler**Fal.* Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?*Pa.* He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water, but for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the †
brain of this foolish compounded clay-man is not
able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more
than I invent, or is invented on me, I am not only
witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other
men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that 10
hath overwhelm'd all her litter but one, if the prince
put thee into my service for any other reason than to
set me off, why then I have no judgement, thou
whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in
my cap than to wait at my heels, I was never manned
with an agate till now, but I will inset you, neither
in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you
back again to your master for a jewel,—the juvenal,
the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd ;

I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one off his cheek and yet he 'will not stick to say his face is a face-royal, God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet, he may keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it, and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor, he may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine I can assure him: what said Master Dommelton about the satin for my short cloak and my slops? c 20 30

Pa. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph; he would not take his band and yours, he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton, pray God his tongue be hotter, a whoreson Achitophel! a rascal! yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smoothy-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes and bunches of keys at their girdles, and if a man is through with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security, I looked a' should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin (as I am a true knight) and he 40

sends me security : well, he may sleep in security, for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it : and yet cannot he see : (where 's Bardolph ?), though he have his own lanthorn to light him.

Pa. He 's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse. 50

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he 'll buy me a horse in Smithfield, an I could get n^e but a wife in the stews, I weie mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice and Servant

Pa. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

C.J. What 's he that goes there ?

Ser. Falstaff, an 't please your lordship.

C.J. He that was in question for the robbery ? 60

Ser. He, my lord, but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

C.J. What, to York ? Call him back again.

Ser. Sir John Falstaff !

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Pa. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

C.J. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good ;

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go. pluck him by the elbow, I must speak with him.

Ser. Sir John !

70

Fal. What ? a young knave, and begging ? Is there not wars ? is there not employment ? doth not the king lack subjects ? do not the rebels need soldiers ? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man, setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied 80 in my throat, if I had said so.

Ser. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ? So I lay aside that which grows to me ! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me ; if thou tak'st leave, thou wært better be hang'd ; you hunt counter, hence ! avaunt !

Ser. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

90

C.J. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord, God give your lordship good time of day, I am glad to see your lordship abroad, I

heard say your lordship was sick, I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice, your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of an ague in you, some relish of the saltness † of time in you, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

C.J. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to 100
Shrewsbury. •

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

C.J. I talk not of his majesty; you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

C.J. Well, God mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy, as I take it, is a kind of lethargy, 110
an't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

C.J. What tell you me of it, be it as it is?

Fal. It hath it original from much grief, from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen, it is a kind of deafness.

C.J. I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well, rather, an't please †
you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of 120
not marking, that I am troubled withal.

C.J. To punish you by the heels would amend the atten-
tion of your ears, and I care not if I do become your
physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient, your
lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to
me, in respect of poverty, but how I should be your
patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may
make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple
itself.

130

C.J. I sent for you, when there were matters against you
for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my learned counsel in the
laws of this land-service, I did not come.

C.J. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

C.J. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise, I would my means were
greater and my waist slenderer.

C.J. You have misled the youthful prince.

140

Fal. The young prince hath misled me, I am the fellow
with the great belly, and he my dog.

C.J. Well, I am loath to gall a new-heal'd wound; your

day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over
your night's exploit on Gadshill ; you may thank the
unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.⁵

Fal. My lord.

C.J. But since all is well, keep it so, wake not a sleeping
wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as smell a fox. 150

C.J. What ! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow ; if I did say of
wax, my growth would approve the truth.

C.J. There is not a white hair on your face but should
have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

C.J. You follow the young prince up and down, like his
ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord, your ill angel is light, but I hope
he that looks upon me will take me without weigh- 160
ing, and yet in some respects I grant I cannot go :
I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these
costermongers' times that true valour is turn'd bear-
herd, pregnancy is made a tapster, and his quick wit †
wasted in giving reckonings, all the other gifts
appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes †
them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old
consider not the capacities of us that are young, you

do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness
of your galls, and we that are in the vaward of our 170
youth, I must confess, are wags too.

C.J. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth,
that are written down old with all the characters of
age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a
yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an
increasing belly, is not your voice broken, your
wind short, [your chin double], your wit single, and
every part about you blasted with antiquity, and will
you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born [about three of the clock in 180
the afternoon,] with a white head, and something
a round belly; for my voice, I have lost it with
hallowing and singing of anthems. To approve my †
youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only
old in judgement and understanding; and he that
will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend
me the money, and have at him. For the box of the
ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude
prince, and you took it like a sensible lord: I have
check'd him for it, and the young lion repents, 190
marry not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk,
and old sack.

C.J. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince ! I cannot rid my hands of him.

C.J. Well, the king hath sever'd you {and Prince Harry} :
I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it : but look 200
you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day ; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, an I mean not to sweat extraordinarily : if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever : [but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say 210
I am an old man, you should give me rest : I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is, I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.]

C.J. Well, be honest, be honest, and God bless your expedition !

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth ?

KING HENRY IV—PART II

C.J. Not a penny, not a penny, you are too impatient to
bear crosses : fare you well : commend me to my 220
*cousin Westmoreland. *Exeunt Chief Justice and Servant*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man
can no more separate age and covetousness than a'
can part young limbs and lechery, but the gout galls
the one, and the pox* pinches the other, and so both
the degrees prevent my curses. Boy ! *

Pa. Sir ?

Fal. What money is in my purse ?

Pa. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the 230
purse, borrowing only lingers and lingers it out,
but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter
to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the prince, this to
the Earl of Westmoreland, and this to old Mistress
Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since
I perceiv'd the first white hair of my chin. About
it : you know where to find me. (*exit Page.*) A
pox of this gout, or a gout of this pox ! for the one
or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis
no matter if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, 240
and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A
good wit will make use of any thing, I will turn
diseases to commodity. *Exit*

SCENE III

York. The Archbishop's palace

*Enter Archbishop Scroop, Thomas Mowbray (Earl Marshal),
the Lords Hastings, and Baidolph*

Scr. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our
means,

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it ?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our arms,
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold, and big enough,
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Has. Our present musters grow upon the file 10
To five and twenty thousand men of choice,
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bar. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus,
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland ?

Has. With him we may.

KING HENRY IV—PART II

- Bar.* Yea marry, there's the point,
 But if without him we be thought too feeble,
 My judgement is, we should not step too far 20
 {Till we had his assistance by the hand ;
 For in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this
 Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
 Of aids incertain should not be admitted.}
- Scr.* 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph, for indeed
 It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.
- Bar.* It was, my lord, who lin'd himself with hope,
 Eating the air, and promise of supply,
 Flattering himself in project of a power
 Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts, 30
 And so, with great imagination
 Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
 And, winking, leap'd into destruction.
- Has.* But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
 To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.
- {*Bar.* Yes, if this present quality of war, †
 Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot, *
 Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
 We see the appealing buds, which to prove fruit,
 Hope gives not so much warrant as despair 40
 That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
 We first survey the plot, then draw the model,

And when we see the figure of the house,
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection,
 Which if we find outweighs ability,
 What do we then but draw anew the model
 In fewer offices ? Or at least desist
 To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,
 Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
 And set another up, should we survey 50
 The plot of situation, and the model,
 Consent upon a sure foundation,
 Question surveyors, know our own estate,
 How able such a work to undergo,
 To weigh against his opposite ; or else }
 We fortify in paper, and in figures,
 Using the names of men instead of men,
 Like one that draws the model of a house
 Beyond his power to build it, who (half through)
 Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost 60
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Has. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
 Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
 The utmost man of expectation,
 I think we are a body strong enough,
 Even as we are, to equal with the king.

KING HENRY IV--PART II

Bar. What, is the king but five and twenty thousand ?

Has. To us no more, nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph,

For his divisions, as the times do brawl, 70
Are in three heads, one power against the French,
And one against Glendower ; perforce a third
Must take up us : so is the unfirm king
In three divided, and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness. 6

Scr. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded. 6

Has. If he should do so,
To the French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd, 7
They baying him at the heels : never fear that. 80

Bar. Who is it like should lead his forces hither ?

Has. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland ;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth :
But who is substitute against the French,
I have no certain notice.

{*Scr.* Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice ;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. 90

O thou fond Many, with what loud applause
 Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
 Before he was what thou wouldst have him be !
 And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
 Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;
 And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
 And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times ? 100
 They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
 Are now become enamour'd on his grave :
 Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head
 When through proud London he came sighing on
 After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
 Criest now ' O earth, yield us that king again,
 And take thou this ! ' O thoughts of men accursed !
 Past and to come seems best : things present, worst. }

Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on ?

Has. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone. 110

Exeunt

Act Second

SCENES I AND II

London. A street

*Enter Mistress Quickly, Fang and his Boy with her, and
Snare following*

M.Q. Master Fang, have you enter'd the action?

Fa. It is enter'd.

M.Q. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman?
will a' stand to 't?

Fa. Sirrah, where's Snare?

M.Q. O Lord, ay, good Master Snare.

Sna. Here, here.

Fa. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

M.Q. Yea, good Master Snare, I have enter'd him and all.

Sna. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will 10
stab.

M.Q. Alas the day, take heed of him, he stabb'd me in mine
own house, most beastly in good faith, a' cares not
what mischief he does, if his weapon be out, he will
foin like any devil, he will spare neither man, woman,
nor child

Fa. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

M.Q. No, nor I neither, I'll be at your elbow.

Fa. An I but fist him once, an a' come but within my view,—

20

M.Q. I am undone by his going, I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score; good Master Fang, hold him sure, good Master Snare, let him not 'scape, a' comes continually to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle, and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman, I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer; a hundred mark is a long one, for a poor lone woman to bear, and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on, there is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong: yonder he comes, and that arrant malmsey-nose knave Bardolph with him; do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

30

Enter Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page

Fal. How now, whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

40

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Fa. I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph, cut me off the villain's head, throw the quean in the channel.

M.Q. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel, wilt thou, wilt thou, thou bastardy rogue? Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue, thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

50

Fa. A rescue! a rescue!

M.Q. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Pa. Away, you scullion, you rampallian, you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and his men

C.J. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

M.Q. Good my lord, be good to me, I beseech you, stand to me.

C.J. How now, Sir John! what are you brawling here? 60

Doth this become your place, your time and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.

Stand from him, fellow, wherefore hang'st upon him?

M.Q. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace,

I am a poor widow of Eastheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

C.J. For what sum?

M.Q. It is more than for some, my lord, it is for all I have, he hath eaten me out of house and home, he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his, but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare. 70

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

C.J. How comes this, Sir John? What man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

M.Q. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson-week, when the prince broke thy head, for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it, did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip 80

Quickly, coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, 90
telling us she had a good dish of prawns, whereby
thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee
they were ill for a green wound, and didst thou not,
when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no
more so familiarity with such poor people, saying
that ere long they should call me madam, and didst
thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty
shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath, deny
it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul, and she says up 100
and down the town that her eldest son is like you ;
she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty
hath distracted her, but for these foolish officers, I
beseech you I may have redress against them.

C.J. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your
manner of wrenching the true cause the false way :
it is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words
that come with such more than impudent sauciness
from you, can thrust me from a level consideration :
you have, as it appears to me, practis'd upon the 110
easy yielding spirit of this woman, [and made her
serve your uses both in purse and in person.]

M.Q. Yea, in truth, my lord.

C.J. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her

and unpay the villany you have done with her ; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without † reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness, if a man will make courtesy and say 120 nothing, he is virtuous, no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor, I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

C.J. You speak as having power to do wrong, but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

They speak aside

Enter Gower

C.J. Now, Master Gower, what news ?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales 130
Are near at hand : the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman !

M.Q. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman, come, no more words of it.

M.Q. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking, and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is 140 worth a thousand of these bed-hangers and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 'twere not for thy humours, there's not a better wench in England, go, wash thy face and draw the action; come, thou must not be in this humour with me, dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

M.Q. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles, I' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la! 150

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

M.Q. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown, I hope you'll come to supper, you'll pay me all together.

Fal. Will I live? (*to Bardolph*) Go, with her, with her, hook on, hook on.

M.Q. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

*Exeunt Mistress Quickly, Bardolph,
Officers, and Boy*

C.J. I have heard better news. 160

Fal. What's the news, my lord ?-

C.J. Where lay the king to-night ?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord. †

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well, what is the news, my lord ?

C.J. Come all his forces back ?

Gow. No, fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord ? 170

C.J. You shall have letters of me presently :

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord !

C.J. What's the matter ?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner ?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here, I thank you,
good Sir John.

C.J. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are
to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower ? 180

C.J. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir
John ?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool
that taught them me. This is the right fencing
grace, my lord, tap for tap, and so part fair.

KING HENRY IV—PART II

C.J. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great
fool. *Exeunt*

Enter Prince Henry and Poins

Pri. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poi. Is 't come to that? I had thought weariness durst
not have attach'd one of so high blood.

Pri. Faith, it does me, though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it: doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poi. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

Pri. Belike then my appetite was not princely got, for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, 10
small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and another for use? But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with

thee when thou keepest not racket there, as thou 20
 hast not done a great while, because the rest of the
 low countries have {made a shift to} eat up thy
 holland : [and God knows, whether those that bawl †
 out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom :
 but the midwives say the children are not in the fault ;
 whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are
 mightily strengthened.]

Poi. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard,
 you should talk so idly ! Tell me how many good
 young princes would do so, their fathers being so 30
 sick as yours at this time is ?

Pri. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins ?

Poi. Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

Pri. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than
 thine.

Poi. Go to, I stand the push of your one thing that you
 will tell.

Pri. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad,
 now my father is sick, albeit I could tell to thee,
 as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call 40
 my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poi. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Pri. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's
 book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and per-

KING HENRY IV—PART II

sistency : let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick, and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poi. The reason ?

Pri. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep ?

Poi. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Pri. It would be every man's thought, and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks : never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine : every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so ?

Poi. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

Pri. And to thee.

Poi. By this light, I am well spoke on ; I can hear it with mine own ears : the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and those two things I confess I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter Bardolph and Page

Pri. And the boy that I gave Falstaff, a' had him from me Christian, and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Bar. God save your grace !

Pri. And yours, most noble Bardolph ! 70

Bar. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing ? wherefore blush you now ? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become ! Is 't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead ?

Pa. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window : at last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's {new} petticoat and so peep'd through.

Pri. Has not the boy profited ? 80

Bar. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away !

Pa. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away !

Pri. Instruct us, boy ; what dream, boy ?

Pa. Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand, and therefore I call him her dream.

Pri. A crown's worth of good interpretation : there 'tis, boy.

Poi. O, that this {good} blossom could be kept from cankers ! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bar. An you do not make him hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong. 90

Pri. And how doth thy master, Bardolph ?

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Bar. Well, my lord ; he heaf'd of your grace's coming to town, there's a letter for you.

Poi. Deliver'd with good respect ; and how doth the martlemas, your master ?

Bar. In bodily health, sir.

Poi. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician, but that moves not him ; thóugh that be sick, it dies not.

Pri. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my 100 dog, and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

Poi. (*reads*) ' John Falstaff, knight,'—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself : even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger but they say, ' There's some of the king's blood spilt.' ' How comes that ? ' says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, ' I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

110

Pri. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter : ' Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, 'greeting.'

Poi. Why, this is a certificate.

Pri. Peace ! ' I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity : '

Poi. He sure means brevity in breath, short-winded.

Pri. 'I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I †
leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poin, for he 120
misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou
art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times
as thou mayest, and so, farewell.

'Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as
to say, as thou usest him, JACK FAL-
STAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my
brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with
all Europe.'

Poi. My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack, and make him
eat it. 130

Pri. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But
do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poi. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never
said so.

Pri. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the
spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is
your master here in London?

Bar. Yea, my lord.

Pri. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old
frank? 140

Bar. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Pri. What company?

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Pa. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Pri. Sup any women with him ?

Pa. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Pri. What pagan may that be ?

Pa. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

Pri. Even such kin as the parish heifers are^s to the town 150
bull ; shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper ?

Poi. I am your shadow, my lord, I'll follow you.

Pri. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town ; there's for your silence.

Bar. I have no tongue, sir.

Pa. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

Pri. Fare you well ; go. (*exit Bardolph and Page.*) This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poi. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint 160
Alban's and London.

Pri. How might we see Felstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen ?

Poi. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

Pri. From a god to a bull ? a heavy descension ! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice ? a low

transformation ! that shall be mine ; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

Exeunt 170

SCENE III

Warkworth. Before the castle

*Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland,
and Lady Percy*

Nor. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs :
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

L.N. I have given over, I will speak no more,
Do what you will, your wisdom be your guide.

Nor. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L.P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars !
The time was, father, that you broke your word, 10
When you were more endear'd to it than now ;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers, but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?
There were two honours lost, yours, and your son's ;

KING HENRY IV—PART II

For yours, the God of heaven brighten it !
 For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
 In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
 Did all the chivalry of England move 20
 To do brave acts : he was indeed the glass
 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves :
 {He had no legs that practised not his gait ;
 And speaking thick, which nature madê his blemish,
 Became the accents of the valiant ;
 For those that could speak low and tardily
 Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
 To seem like him : so that in speech, in gait,
 In diet, in affections of delight,
 In military rules, humours of blood, 30
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
 That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him !
 O miracle of men ! him did you leave,
 Second to none, unseconded by you,
 To look upon the hideous god of war
 In disadvantage, to abide a field
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
 Did seem defensible : so you left him.
 Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
 To hold your honour more precise and nice 40
 With others than with him ! let them alone :

The marshal and the archbishop are strong :
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
 Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave. }

Nor. Beshrew your heart,
 Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me,
 With new lamenting ancient oversights ;
 But I must go and meet with danger there,
 Or it will seek me in another place,
 And find me worse provided.

L.N. O, fly to Scotland, 50
 Till that the nobles and the armed commons
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

L.P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
 Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
 To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,
 First let them try themselves. So did your son ;
 He was so suffer'd, so came I a widow,
 And never shall have length of life enough
 To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven, 60
 For recordation to my noble husband.

Nor. Come, come, go in with me ; 'tis with my mind
 As with the tide, swell'd up unto his height
 That makes a still stand, running neither way :

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back ;
I will resolve for Scotland : there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. *Exeunt*

'SCENE IV

London. The Boar's-head Tavern in Eastcheap

Enter Francis and another Draver

Fra. What the devil hast thou brought there ? apple-johns ? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

Dra. Mass, thou sayest true ; the prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns, and, putting off his hat, said, ' I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

Fra. Why, then, cover, and set them down, and see if 10
thou canst find out Sneak's noise ; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music.

Dra. [Dispatch : the room where they supp'd is too hot ; †
they 'll come in straight.]

Fra. Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Poins anon,

and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons,
and Sir John must not know of it : Bardolph hath
brought word.

Dra. By the mass, here will be old utis : it will be an
excellent stratagem.

20

Fr. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. *Exit*

Enter Mistress Quickly and Doll Tearsheet

M.Q. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an
excellent good temperality : your pulside beats as
extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour,
I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la !
But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and
that 's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes
the blood ere one can say, ' What's this ? ' How do
you now ?

Doll. Better than I was : hem !

30

M.Q. Why, that 's well said ; a good heart 's worth gold.
Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff

Fal. (*singing*) ' When Arthur first in court '—Empty the
jordan. (*singing*) ' And was a worthy king.' How
now, Mistress Doll !

M.Q. Sick of a calm ; yea, good faith.

Fal. So is all her sect ; an they be once in a calm, they
are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me ?

40

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them ? gluttony and diseases make, I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll : we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you ; grant that, my poor virtuous, grant that.

Doll. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

†

Fal. ‘ Your brooches, pearls, and ouches : ’ for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know ; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely ; to venture upon the charg’d chambers bravely,—

50

[*Doll.* Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself !]

M. Q. By my troth, this is the old fashion, you two never meet but you fall to some discord : you are both, I’ good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts ; you cannot one bear with another’s confirmities. What the good-year ! one must bear, and that must be you : you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

60

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogs-head ? there’s a whole merchant’s venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him ; you have not seen a hulk better

stuff'd in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee,
 Jack, thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall
 ever see thee again or no there is nobody cares.

Enter Drawer

Dra. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would speak with
 you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal !¹² let him not come
 hither : it is the foul-mouthedst rogue in England.

M.Q. If he swagger, let him not come here, no, by my 70
 faith ; I must live among my neighbours, I'll no
 swaggerers I am in good name and fame with the
 very best : shut the door, there comes no swaggerers
 here, I have not liv'd all this while, to have swagger-
 ing now : shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess ?

M.Q. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John, there comes no
 swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear ? it is mine ancient.

M.Q. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me : and your ancient 80
 swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before
 Master Tisick, the debuty, t' other day , and, as he
 said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last,
 ' I' good faith, neighbour Quickly,' says he, Master
 Dumbe, our minister, was by then, 'neighbour
 Quickly,' says he, ' receive those that are civil ; for,'

said he, 'you are in an ill name : ' now a' said so, I can tell whereupon ; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on, therefore take heed what guests you receive, receive,' says he, 'no 90 swaggering companions.' There comes none here you would bless you to hear what he said : no, I'll no swaggers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess, a tame cheater, i' faith, † you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound : he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer. *Exit Drawer*

M.Q. Cheater, call you him ? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater, but I do not love swaggers- 100 ing, by my troth ; I am the worse, when one says swagger : feel, masters, how I shake, look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

M.Q. Do I ? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf : I cannot abide swaggers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page

Pis. God save you, Sir John !

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack, do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pis. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir ; you shall not hardly offend her.

M.Q. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets, I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pis. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy, I will charge you.

Doll. Charge me ![•] I scorn you, scurvy companion. What, you poor base rascally cheating lack-linen mate ? Away, you mouldy rogue, away ! I am meat for 120 your master.

Pis. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away, you cut-purse rascal, you filthy bung, away ! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal, you basket-hilt stale juggler, you ! Since when, I pray you, sir ? God's light, with two points on your shoulder ? much !

Pis. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

130

[*Fal.* No more, Pistol ; I would not have you go off here ; discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.]

M.Q. No, good Captain Pistol, not here, sweet captain.

Doll. Captain, thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not asham'd to be called captain ? An captains

KING HENRY IV—PART II

were of my mind, they would truncheon you out,
 for taking their names upon you before you have
 earn'd them. You a captain? you slave, for what?
 for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?
 He a captain? hang him, rogue! he lives upon 140
 mouldy stew'd prunes and dried cakes. A captain?
 God's light, these villains will make the word [as]
 odious [as the word 'occupy,' which was an excel- †
 lent good word before it was ill sorted]: therefore
 captains had need look to 't.

Bar. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pis. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could
 tear her, I 'll be reveng'd of her.

Pa. Pray thee, go down. 150

Pis. I 'll see her damn'd first, to Pluto's damn'd lake, by †
 this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and
 tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I.
 Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not
 Hiren here? †

M.Q. Good Captain Peesell, be quiet, 'tis very late, I' faith,
 I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pis. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,
 And hollow pumper'd jades of Asia, †
 Which cannot go but thirty mile a day, 160

Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
 And Trojan Greeks ? nay, rather damn them with
 King Cerberus ; and let the welkin roar.
 Shall we fall foul for toys ?

M.Q. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bar. Be gone, good ancient : this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pis. Die men like dogs ! give crowns like pins ! Have we not Hiren here ?

M.Q. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. 170
 What the good-year ! do you think I would deny her ? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pis. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, give's some sack.

Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.

Fear we broadsides ? no, let the fiend give fire :
 Give me some sack : and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

Laying down his sword

Come we to full points here ? and are etceteras
 nothings ?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pis. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf : what ! we have seen
 the seven stars. 180

Doll. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs : I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pis. Thrust him down stairs? know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

Bar. Come, get you down stairs.

Pis. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?

Snatching up his sword

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days! 190

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I

say.

M.Q. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs. *Drawing, and driving Pistol out*

M.Q. Here's a goodly tumult, I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these terrors and frights.

So, murder, I warrant now, alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. 200

Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet, the rascal's gone; ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

M.Q. Are you not hurt in the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph

Fal. Have you turn'd him out o' doors ?

Bar. Yea, sir, the rascal's drunk : you have hurt him,
sir, i' the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal to brave me ?

Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you ! Alas, poor ape,
how thou sweat'st ! come, let me wipe thy face ; 210
come on, you whoreson chops : ah, rogue, i' faith,
I love thee, thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy,
worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better
than the Nine Worthies : ah, villain !

Fal. Ah rascally slave ! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, an thou dar'st for thy heart ; an thou dost, I'll
canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music

Pa. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs Sit on my knee, Doll.
A rascal bragging slave ! the rogue fled from me like 220
quicksilver.

Doll. I' faith and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou
whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when
wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights,
and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven ?

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Enter, behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised

Fal. Peace, good Doll, do not speak like a death's-head,
do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made
a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped bread well. 230

Doll. They say Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! ' his wit's as
thick as Tewksbury mustard, there's no more con-
cert in him than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and a' plays
at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks
off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild- †
mare with the boys, and jumps upon join'd-stools,
and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots 240
very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds
no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such
other gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak
mind and an able body, for the which the prince
admits him: for the prince himself is such another,
the weight of a hair will turn scales between their
avoirdupois.

Pri. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poi. Let's beat him before his whore.

Pri. Look, whether the wither'd elder hath not his poll 250
claw'd like a parrot.

Poi. Is it not strange that desire should so many years
outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Pri. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction? what
says the almanac to that?

Poi. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not
lipping to his master old tables, his note-book, his
counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses. 260

Doll. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young
boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive
money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow.
A merry song, come, it grows late, we'll to bed;
thou 'lt forget me when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth, thou 'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest
so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy 270
return: well, hearken at the end. •

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Pri. } Anon, anon, sir.
Poi. }

Coming forward

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Fal. Ha ? a bastard son of the king's ? And art not thou
Poins his brother ?

Pri. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life
dost thou lead !

Fal. A better than thou : I am a gentleman, thou art a
drawer.

Pri. Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by the 280
ears.

M.Q. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace ! by my troth,
welcome to London, now, the Lord bless that sweet
face of thine, O Jesu, are you come from Wales ?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this
light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

Doll. How ? You fat fool, I scorn you.

Poi. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and
turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Pri. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you 290
speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous,
civil gentlewoman !

M.Q. God's blessing of your good heart ! and so she is, by
my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me ?

Pri. Yea, an you knew me, as you did when you ran away
by Gadshill, you knew I was at your back, and spoke
it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no, not so, I did not think thou wast within hearing. 300

Pri. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour, no abuse.

Pri. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what ?⁹

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poi. No abuse ?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world ; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him befo're the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with thee ; in which doing, † I have done the part of a careful friend and a true 311 subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal, none, Ned, none . no, faith, boys, none.

Pri. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us : is she of the wicked, is thine hostess here of the wicked, or is thy boy of the wicked, or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked ? 320

Poi. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth

nothing but roast malt-worms ; for the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil blinds him too.

Pri. For the women ?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls ; for the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

M.Q. No, I warrant you.

330

Fal. No, I think thou art not, I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.

M.Q. All victuallers do so : what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent ?

Pri. You, gentlewoman,—

Doll. What says your grace ?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Knocking within

M.Q. Who knocks so loud at door ? Look to the door 340 there, Francis.

Enter Peto

Pri. Peto, how now, what news ?

Pet. The king your father is at Westminster,
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north : and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,

Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Pri. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time ; 350
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads ;
Give me my sword and cloak : Falstaff, good night.

Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and
we must hence and leave it unpick'd. (*Knocking*
within.) More knocking at the door ?

Re-enter Bardolph

How now, what's the matter ?

Bar. You must away to court, sir, presently,
A dozen captains stay at door for you. 360

Fal. (*to the Page*) Pay the musicians, sirrah. Farewell,
hostess, farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches,
how men of merit are sought after : the undeserver
may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on ; fare-
well, good wenches, if I be not sent away post, I will
see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak ; if my heart be not ready to burst,—
well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph*

KING HENRY IV—PART II

M.Q. Well, fare thee well, I have known thee these twenty 370
nine years, come peascod-time, but an honest and
truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

Bar. (within) Mistress Tearsheet !

M.Q. What 's the matter ?

Bar. (within) Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

M.Q. O, run, Doll, run, 'good Doll : [come. She comes †
blubber'd. Yea, will you come, Doll?]

Exeunt

Act Third

SCENE I

Westminster. The palace

Enter the King in his nightgown, with a Page

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick ;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them : make good speed.

Exit Page

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep ! O sleep ! O gentle
sleep !

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, 10
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody ?
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
 A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell ?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge, 20
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafing clamour in the slippery clouds,
 That with the hurly death itself awakes ?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea's son in an hour so rude, †
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king ? Then (happy) low lie down, †
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. 31

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Enter Warwick and Surrey

War. Many good morrows to your majesty !

King. Is it good morrow, lords ?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you ?

War. We have, my liege. ⁵

King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom,

How foul it is, what rank diseases grow,

And with what danger near the heart of it.

40

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd ;

Which to his former strength may be restor'd

With good advice and little medicine :

My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

King. O God ! that one might read the book of fate,

And see the revolution of the times

Make mountains level, and the continent,

Weary of solid firmness, melt itself

Into the sea ! and, other times, to see

The beachy girdle of the ocean

50

Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration

With divers liquors ! [O, if this were seen,

The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,

Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.]
 'Tis not ten years gone
 Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
 Did feast together, and in two year after
 Were they at wars : it is but eight years since, 60
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul ;
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
 And laid his love and life under my foot,
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—
 You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—

To Warwick

When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy ?
 ' Northumberland, thou ladder by the which 70
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne ; '
 (Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
 But that necessity so bow'd the state,
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss :)
 ' The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
 ' The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption : ' so went on,
 Foretelling this same time's condition,
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives, 80
 Figuring the natures of the times deceas'd ;
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things,
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
 And weak beginnings lie intreasur'd.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;
 And by the necessary form of this
 King Richard might create a perfect guess
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,
 Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness, 90
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,
 Unless on you.

King. Are these things then necessities ?
 Then let us meet them like necessities,
 And that same word even now cries out on us :
 They say the bishop and Northumberland
 Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord ;
 Rumour doth double, like the voice an echo,
 The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
 To go to bed : upon my soul, my lord,
 The powers that you already have sent forth 100
 Shall bring this prize in very easily :
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd

A certain instance that Glendower is dead :
 Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill ;
 And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
 Unto your sickness

King. I will take your counsel ;
 And were these inward wars once out of hand,
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. *Exeunt*

SCENE II

Gloucestershire. Before Justice Shallow's house

*Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting ; Mouldy, Shadow, Wart,
 Feeble, Bullcalf, a Servant or two with them*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir, give me your
 hand, sir, give me your hand, sir, an early stirrer, by
 the rood : and how doth my good cousin Silence ?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin your bedfellow ? and your
 fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen ?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow !

Shal. By yea and no, sir, I dare say my cousin William is
 become a good scholar : he is at Oxford still, is he
 not ?

10

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

KING HENRY IV.—PART II

Shal. A' must then to the inns o' court shortly : I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd 'lusty Shallow' then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too : there was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man, you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns o' court again : and I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff (now Sir John) a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. Cousin, this Sir John that comes hither anon about soldiers ?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same ; I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack, not thus high : and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent ! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead !

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very sure, very sure, death, as the

Psalmist saith, is certain to all, all shall die. How
a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. By my troth, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain : is old Double of your town living 40
yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead ! a' drew a good bow, and dead ?
a' shot a fine shoot : John a Gaunt loved him well,
and betted much money on his head. Dead ! a'
would have clapp'd i' the clout at twelve score, and
carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen
and a half, that it would have done a man's heart
good to see. How a score of ewes now ?

Sil. Thereafter as they be : a score of good ewes may 50
be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead ?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter Bardolph, and one with him

Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bar. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow ?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir, a poor esquire of this
county, and one of the king's justices of the peace :
what is your good pleasure with me ?

Bar. My captain, sir, commends him to you, my captain,

†

Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader. 60

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good back-sword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bar. Sir, pardon, a soldier is better accommodate than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir, and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of 70
‘accommodo:’ very good, a good phrase.

Bar. Pardon me, sir, I have heard the word, phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase, but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated, or when a man is, being whereby, a’ may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just.

80

Enter Falstaff

Look, here comes good Sir John, give me your good hand, give me your worship’s good hand; by my

troth, you like well and bear your years very well,
welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert
Shallow : Master Soccard, as I think ?

Shal. No, Sir John, it is my cousin Silence, in commission
with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of
the peace. 90

Sil Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie, this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you pro-
vided me here half a dozen sufficient men ?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir ; will you sit ?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll ? where's the roll ? where's the
roll ? Let me see, let me see, {let me see.} So, so,
so, so, [so, (so, so) :] yea, marry, sir : Ralph Mouldy !
Let them appear as I call, let them do so, let them
do so, let me see, where is Mouldy ? 100

Mou. Here, an it please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John ? a good-limb'd fellow,
young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy ?

Mou. Yea, an 't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha ! most excellent, i' faith, things that are

KING HENRY IV_f—PART II

mouldy lack use : very singular good ! in faith, well said, Sir John, very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

110

Mou. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone : my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery : you need not to have prick'd me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to : peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Mou. Spent ?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace, stand aside, know you where you are ? For the other, Sir John, let me see : 120
Simon Shadow !

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under, he 's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where 's Shadow ?

Sha. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou ?

Sha. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son ! like enough, and thy father's shadow : so the son of the female is the shadow of the male : it is often so, indeed, but much of the †
father's substance !

131

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John ?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer ; prick him, for we
have a number of shadows fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart !

Fal. Where's he ?

Wa. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart ?

Wa. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart. 140

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John ?

Fal. It were superfluous, for his apparel is built upon his
back, and the whole frame stands upon pins : prick
him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha ! you can do it, sir, you can do it, I com-
mend you well. Francis Feeble !

Fee. Here, sir.

Shal. What trade art thou, Feeble ?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir ? 150

Fal. You may : but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd
ha' prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in
an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's
petticoat ?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir, you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor, well said, cour-
ageous Feeble ! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrath-

KING HENRY IV—PART II

ful dove, or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor : well, Master Shallow, deep, Master Shallow.

160

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many † thousands : let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next ?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green !

Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

170

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow ! Come, prick Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord ! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd ?

Bull. O Lord, sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou ?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown, we will have away thy cold, and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all ?

Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number, you must have but four here, sir, and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field? 190

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, {no more of that.}

Shal. Ha ! 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never ; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well? 200

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be old, certain she's old, and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen ! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have, in faith, 210
Sir John, we have, our watch-word was ‘Hem boys!’ Come, let’s to dinner, come, let’s to dinner: Jesus, the days that we have seen! Come, come.
Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend, and here’s four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang’d, sir, as go, and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; 220
else, sir, I did not care for mine own part so much.

Bar. Go to, stand aside.

Mou. And, good master corporal captain, for my dame’s sake, stand my friend; she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself; you shall have forty, sir.

Bar. Go to, stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not, a man can die but once: we owe [God] a death, I’ll ne’er bear a base mind: an’t be my destiny, so; an’t be not, so: no man’s too 230
good to serve’s prince, and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bar. Well said, thou 'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff and the Justices

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bar. (to Fal.) Sir, a word with you : I have three pound
to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. (to Bar.) Go to ; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have ? 240

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble and Shadow

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf : for you, Mouldy, stay at home
till you are past service : and for your part, Bullcalf,
grow till you come unto it : I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong, they are
your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with
the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a
man ? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, 250
bulk, and big assemblance of a man ? Give me the
spirt, Master Shallow. Here's Wart, you see what
a ragged appearance it is : a' shall charge you and
discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's
hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets
on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd

KING HENRY IV.—PART II

fellow, Shadow, give me this man, he presents no mark to the enemy, the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife ; and for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off ! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph. 260

Bar. Hold, Wart, traverse ; thas, thas, thas. †

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart ; thou 'rt a good scab : hold, there 's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right ; 270
I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus, and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in : ' rah, tah, tah,' would a' say, ' bounce ' would a' say, and away again would a' go, and again would a' come : I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence, I will not use many words 280 with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both : I thank

you : I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you, God prosper your affairs, God send us peace ! At your return visit our house, let our old acquaintance be renewed, peradventure I will with ye to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, would you would.

Shal. Go to, I have spoke at a word. God keep you.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. (*exeunt Justices.*) 290

On, Bardolph, lead the men away. (*exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, etc.*) As I return, I will fetch off these justices : I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street, and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring : 300 when a' was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife ; a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible : a' was the very † genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, [and the whores called him mandrake] : a' came ever in the

rearward of the fashion, [and sung those tunes to the
overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen
whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-
nights]. And now is this Vice's dagger become a †
squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if 311
he had been sworn brother to him, and I'll be sworn
a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then
he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's
men. I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his
own name, for you might have thrust him and all his
apparel into an eel-skin, the case of a treble hautboy
was a mansion for him, a court, and now has he land
and beefs. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I
return, and 't shall go hard but I will make him a 320
philosopher's two stones to me : if the young dace
be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law
of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape,
and there an end. *Exit*

Act Fourth

SCENE I

*Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest**Enter the Archbishop of York, Monbray,
Hastings, Colevile*

†

Scr. What is this forest call'd ?*Has.* 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an 't shall please your grace.*Scr.* Here stand, my lords, and send discoverers forth
'To know the numbers of our enemies.*Has.* We have sent forth already.*Scr.* 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren (in these great affairs)

I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd

New-dated letters from Northumberland,

Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus :

Here doth he wish his person, with such powers 10

As might hold sortance with his quality,

The which he would not levy ; whereupon

He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,

To Scotland, and concludes in hearty prayers

That your attempts may overlive the hazard

KING HENRY IV—PART II

And fearful meeting of their opposite
Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger

Has. Now, what news ?

Mes. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy, 20
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mow. The just proportion that we gave them out.

Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Scr. What well-appointed leader fronts us here ?

Enter Westmoreland

Mow. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

Wes. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Scr. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace :
What doth concern your coming ?

Wes. {Then, my lord,} 30

Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary ;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,

In his true, native, and most proper shape,
 You, reverend father, and these noble lords
 Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
 Of base and bloody insurrection 40

With your fair honours. You, lord Archbishop,
 Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
 Whose white investments figure innocence,
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
 Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war ?
 Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood, 50
 Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet, and a point of war ?

Scr. Wherefore do I this ? so the question stands.

Briefly, to this end : we are all diseas'd,
 {And with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it ; of which disease
 Our late king, Richard, being infested, died.
 But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
 I take not on me here as a physician, 60
 Nor do I as an enemy to peace

Troop in the throngs of military men ;
 But rather show a while like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds sick of happiness,
 And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
 And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth run, 70
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet there
 By the rough torrent of occasion,
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to show in articles ;
 Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
 And might by no suit gain our audience :
 When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
 We are denied access unto his person
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong. }
 The dangers of the days but newly gone, 80
 Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet appearing blood, and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, present now,
 Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
 Not to break peace or any branch of it,
 But to establish here a peace indeed,

Concurring both in name and quality.

Wes. When ever yet was your appeal denied ?

Wherein have you been galled by the king ?

What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you ? 90

That you should seal this lawless bloody book

Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,

[And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?]

Ser. My brother general, the commonwealth,

[To brother born an household cruelty,]

I make my quarrel in particular. †

Wes. There is no need of any such redress,

Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mon. Why not to him in part, and to us all

That feel the bruises of the days before, 100

And suffer the condition of these times

To lay a heavy and unequal hand

Upon our honours ?

Wes. {O, my good Lord Mowbray,

Construe the times to their necessities,

And you shall say indeed, it is the time,

And not the king, that doth you injuries.

Yet for your part, it not appears to me

Either from the king or in the present time

That you should have an inch of any ground

To build a grief on : were you not restor'd 110

- To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
 Your noble and right well remember'd father's ?
Mow. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
 That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me ?
 The king that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
 Was force perforce compell'd to banish him :
 And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,
 Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
 Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
 Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down, 120
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together ;
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
 My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
 O, when the king did throw his warder down,
 (His own life hung upon the staff he threw)
 Then threw he down himself and all their lives
 That by indictment and by dint of sword
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.
- Wes.* You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what. 130
 The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
 In England the most valiant gentleman :
 Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd ?
 But if your father had been victor there,
 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :

For all the country in a general voice
 Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers and love
 Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
 And bless'd and grac'd indeed, more than the king.}
 But this is mere digression from my purpose. 140

Here come I from our princely general
 To know your griefs, to tell you from his grace
 That he will give you audience, and wherein
 It shall appear that your demands are just,
 You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
 That might so much as think you enemies.

Mow. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer ;
 And it proceeds from policy, not love.

Wes. Mowbray, you overween to take it so ;
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear : 150
 For, lo ! within a ken our army lies,
 Upon mine honour, all too confident
 To give admittance to a thought of fear.
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;
 Then reason will our hearts should be as good :
 Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

Wes. That argues but the shame of your offence ; 160

A rotten case abides no handling.

Has. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

Wes. That is intended in the general's name ,
I muse you make so slight a question.

Scr. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances :
Each several article herein redress'd, 170
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form,
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confin'd,
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

Wes. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet,
And either end in peace, which God so frame, 180
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Scr. My lord, we will do so. *Exit Wes.*

Mow. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Has. Fear you not that if we can make our peace
 Upon such large terms and so absolute
 As our conditions shall consist upon,
 Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mow. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
 That every slight and false-derived cause, 190
 Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason
 Shall to the king taste of this action,
 That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
 We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
 That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
 And good from bad find no partition.

Scr. No, no, my lord ; note this ; the king is weary
 Of dainty and such picking grievances :
 For he hath found to end one doubt by death
 Revives two greater in the heirs of life, 200
 And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
 And keep no tell-tale to his memory
 That may repeat and history his loss
 To new remembrance ; for full well he knows
 He cannot so precisely weed this land
 As his misdoubts present occasion :
 His foes are so enrooted with his friends
 That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
 He doth unfasten so and shake a friend,

So that this land, like an offensive wife 210
 That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
 As he is striking, holds his infant up,
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
 That was uprear'd to execution.

Has. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
 On late offenders, that he now doth lack
 The very instruments of chastisement,
 So that his power, like a fangless lion,
 May offer, but not hold.

Scr. 'Tis very true,
 And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal, 220
 If we do now make our atonement well,
 Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
 Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mow. Be it so.
 Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland

Wes. The prince is here at hand : pleaseth your lordship
 To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies.

Mow. Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

Scr. Before, and greet his grace : my lord, we come.

*Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Officers, and others
with them*

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray ;
 Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop ;
 And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
 My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
 When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
 Encircled you, to hear with reverence
 Your exposition on the holy text,
 Than now to see you here an iron man talking,
 Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
 Turning the word to sword and life to death. 10
 That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
 And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
 Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
 Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad
 In shadow of such greatness ! With you, lord bishop,
 It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
 How deep you were within the books of God ?
 To us the speaker in his parliament,
 To us the imagin'd voice of God himself,
 The very opener and intelligencer 20
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,

KING HENRY IV—PART II

And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.

Scr. Good my Lord of Lancaster, 30

I am not here against your father's peace,
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time disorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires, 40
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mow. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes,
To the last man.

Has. And though we here fall down,

We have supplies to second our attempt,
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them,
 And so success of mischief shall be born,
 And heir from heir shall hold his quarrel up,
 Whiles England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow, 50
 To sound the bottom of the after-times.

Wes. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly
 How far forth you do like their articles.

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well ;
 And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
 My father's purposes have been mistook ;
 And some about him have too lavishly
 Wrested his meaning and authority.
 My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;
 Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you, 60
 Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
 As we will ours : and here between the armies
 Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
 Of our restored love and amity.

Scr. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word :
 And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Has. Go, captain, and deliver to the army

This news of peace : let them have pay, and part : 70
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

Exit Officer

Scr. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

Wes. I pledge your grace ; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely : but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Scr. I do not doubt you.

Wes. I am glad of it.

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mow. You wish me health in very happy season,

For I am, on the sudden, something ill. 80

Scr. Against ill chances men are ever merry,

But heaviness foreruns the good event.

Wes. Therefore be merry, coz, since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, ' some good thing comes to-
morrow.'

Scr. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

Shouts within

Lan. The word of peace is render'd : hark, how they
shout !

Mow. This had been cheerful after victory.

Scr. A peace is of the nature of a conquest,

For then both parties nobly are subdued, 90
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.

Exit Westmoreland

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Scr. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

Exit Hastings

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter Westmoreland

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still ?

Wes. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak. 100

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings

Has. My lord, our army is dispers'd already :

Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

Wes. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings, for the which
I do arrest thee traitor of high treason,
And you, lord archbishop, and you, Lord Mowbray,

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding just and honourable ? 110

Wes. Is your assembly so ?

Scr. Will you thus break your faith ?

Lan. I pawn'd thee none :

I promised you redress of these same grievances

Whereof you did complain, which, by mine honour,

I will perform, with a most Christian care.

But for you rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion {and such acts as yours}.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray : 120

God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.

Some guard these traitors to the block of death,

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. *Exeunt*

SCENE III

Another part of the forest

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Falstaff and Colevile,
meeting*

Fal. What's your name, sir, of what condition are you,
and of what place ?

Col. I am a knight, sir, and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale : Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough, so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Col. Are not you*Sir John Falstaff? 10

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death : therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Col. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any 20
indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe : my womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general.

*Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Wesimoreland, Blunt,
and others*

Lan. The heat is past, follow no further now,

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

Exit Westmoreland

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while ?

When every thing is ended, then you come :

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus : 30

I never knew yet but rebuke and chieck was the
reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an

arrow, or a bullet ? have I, in my poor and old
motion, the expedition of thought ? I have speeded

hither with the very extremest inch of possibility,

I have founder'd nine score and odd posts, and

here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and

immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the

dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy.

But what of that ? he saw me, and yielded, that I 40

may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,

there cousin, ' I came, saw, and overcame.' †

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not : here he is, and here I yield him, and

I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest

of this day's deeds, or, by the Lord, I will have it in

a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on

the top on't (Coleville kissing my foot) : to the

which course if I be enforc'd, if you do not all show
 like gilt twopences to me, and I in the clear sky of 50
 fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth
 the cinders of the element, which show like pins'
 heads to her, believe not the word of the noble :
 therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me
 good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile ? 60

Col. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile ?

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Col. I am, my lord, but as my betters are
 That led me hither : had they been rul'd by me,
 You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves : but thou, like
 a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis ; and I thank
 thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit ? 70

Wes. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile with his confederates

To York, to present execution :

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exeunt Blunt and others with Coleville

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords :

I hear the king my father is sore sick :

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,

Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him,

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go 80
Through Gloucestershire, and, when you come to
court,

Stand my good lord in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff : I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

Exeunt all except Falstaff

Fal. I would you had but the wit : 'twere better than your
dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-
blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot
make him laugh, but that's no marvel, he drinks no
wine. There's never none of these demure boys
come to any proof, for thin drink doth so over-cool 90
their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they
fall into a kind of male green-sickness, and then,
when they marry, they get wenches, they are gener-
ally fools and cowards, which some of us should be

too, but for inflammation : a good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it ; it ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it, makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which, delivered o'er to the voice, the 100 tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood, which before (cold and settled) left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice ; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme, it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm, and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, 110 the heart ; who, great and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage ; and this valour comes of sherris, so that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work, and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant ; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manur'd, husbanded and till'd,

with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good 120
store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and
valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane
principle I would teach them should be, to forswear
thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph

How now, Bardolph?

Bar. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go ; I'll through Gloucestershire, and
there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire : I
have him already tempering between my finger and
my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come 130
away. *Exeunt*

SCENE IV

Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber

*Enter the King, the Princes Thomas of Clarence and
Humphrey of Gloucester, Warwick, and others*

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified :
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,

Our substitutes in absence well invested,
 And every thing lies level to our wish ;
 Only we want a little personal strength ;
 And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
 Come underneath the yoke of government.

10

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
 Shall soon enjoy

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
 Where is the prince your brother ?

Glo. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied ?

Glo. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him ?

Glo. No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father ?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother ? 20

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas ;

'Thou hast a better place in his affection

Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy,

And noble offices thou mayst effect

Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren :

Therefore omit him not, blunt not his love,

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace

By seeming cold, or careless of his will,
 For he is gracious, if he be observ'd, 30
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity ;
 Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he is flint,
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day,
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth ,
 But, being moody, give him time and scope,
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, 40
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
 A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
 That the united vessel of their blood,
 (Mingled with venom of suggestion
 As, force perforce, the age will pour it in)
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas ? 50

Cla. He is not there to-day, he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied ? canst thou tell that ?

Cla. With Pains, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,
 And he, the noble image of my youth,
 Is overspread with them ; therefore my grief
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death :
 The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape,
 In forms imaginary, the unguided days
 And rotten times that you shall look upon, 60
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,
 O, with what wings shall his affections fly
 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite ;
 The prince but studies his companions,
 Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,
 'Tis needful that the most immodest word 70
 Be look'd upon and learn'd, which once attain'd,
 Your highness knows, comes to no further use
 But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
 The prince will in the perfectness of time
 Cast off his followers, and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others,

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

Enter Westmoreland

Who's here? Westmoreland?

Wes. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty,
And when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,

Are by the shrieve of Yorkshire overthrown ;
 The manner and true order of the fight, 100
 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good news make me sick ?
 Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
 She either gives a stomach, and no food,
 Such are the poor in health ; or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach, such are the rich
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not :
 I should rejoice now at this happy news,
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy, 110
 O me ! come near me, now I am much ill

Glo. Comfort, your majesty !

Cl. O my royal father !

Wes. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up

War. Be patient, princes ; you do know, these fits
 Are with his highness very ordinary.
 Stand from him, give him air, he'll straight be well.

Cl. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs :
 The incessant care and labour of his mind
 Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
 So thin that life looks through {and will break out.} 120

Glo. The people fear me, for they do observe
 Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature :

The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between,
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

Glo. This apoplexy will certain be his end. 130

King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber : {softly, pray.}

*The curtains of the rear-stage are drawn, disclosing a bed,
on which they lay the King* †

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise !

Enter Prince Henry

Pri. Who saw the Duke of Clarence ?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Pri. How now ? rain within doors, and none abroad ?

How doth the king ?

10

Glo. Exceeding ill.

Pri. Heard he the good news yet ?

Tell it him.

Glo. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Pri. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords : sweet prince, speak low ;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Glo. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will 't please your grace to go along with us ?

Pri. No, I will sit and watch here by the king.

Exeunt all except the Prince

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow, 20

Being so troublesome a bedfellow ?

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night ! sleep with it now !

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet

As he whose brow (with homely biggen bound)

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty !

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath 30

There lies a downy feather which stirs not
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
 Perforce must move. My gracious lord ! my father !
 This sleep is sound indeed, this is a sleep,
 That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
 So many English kings ; thy due from me
 Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously :
 My due from thee is this imperial crown, 40
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
 Derives itself to me : lo, where it sits,
 Which God shall guard : and put the world's whole
 strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me : this from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. *Exit*

King.(waking) Warwick ! Gloucester ! Clarence !

Re-enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest

Cla. Doth the king call ?

War. What would your majesty ? {How fares your
 grace ?}

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords ? 50

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
 Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales ? Where is he ? let me see him :

[He is not here.]

War. This door is open, he is gone this way.

Glo. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown ? who took it from my pillow ?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The prince hath ta'en it hence : go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose

60

My sleep my death ?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick ; chide him hither.

Exit Warwick

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are,

How quickly nature falls into revolt,

When gold becomes her object !

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts,

Their brains with care, their bones with industry ;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

70

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold ;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts and martial exercises :

When, like the bee, tolling from every flower

{The virtuous sweets,}

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive ; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter Warwick

Now, where is he that will not stay so long 80
Till his friend sickness have determin'd me ?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crown ?

Re-enter Prince Henry

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. 90

Exeunt Warwick and the rest

Pri. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought :
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee ;
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth,
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee ;
Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind
 That it will quickly drop : my day is dim ; 100
 Thou hast stol'n that which after some few hours
 Were thine, without offence ; and at my death
 Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :
 Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
 And thou wilt have me die, assur'd of it.
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at half an hour of my life.

What, canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?
 Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself, 110
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
 Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head,
 Only compound me with forgotten dust ;
 Give that which gave thee life unto the worms,
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees,
 For now a time is come to mock at form :
 Harry the fifth is crown'd : up, vanity !
 Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence ! 120
 And to the English court assemble now,
 From every region, apes of idleness !
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
 Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
 The oldest sins, the newest kind of ways ?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more ;
 England shall double gild his treble guilt,
 England shall give him office, honour, might ;
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks 130
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

Pri. O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,
 The moist impediments unto my speech,
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke, 140
 Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown ;
 And He that wears the crown immortally
 Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
 Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending,

God witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your majesty, 150
 How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die,
 And never live to show the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed !
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
 And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
 I spake unto this crown as having sense,
 And thus upbraided it : ' The care on thee depending
 Hath fed upon the body of my father ;
 Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold : 160
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious, †
 Preserving life, in medicine potable ;
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
 Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head,
 To try with it, as with an enemy,
 That had before my face murder'd my father,
 'The quarrel of a true inheritor :
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride, 170
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
 Did with the least affection of a welcome
 Give entertainment to the might of it,

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

King. {O my son,}

God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it :

180

Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown, and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head :

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation,

For all the soil of the achievement goes

With me into the earth. It seem'd in me

190

But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid

My gain of it by their assistances,

Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,

Wounding supposed peace : all these bold fears

Thou see'st with peril I have answered ;

For all my reign hath been but as a scene

Acting that argument : and now my death .

Changes the mood, for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort. 200

So thou the garland wear'st successively,
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends, †
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd : which to avoid,

I cut them off, and had a purpose, now
To lead out many to the Holy Land, 210

Lest test and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state : therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.

More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive ;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live !.

Pr. {My gracious liege,} 220

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me,
Then plain and right must my possession be,
Which I with more than with a common pain

'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father.

King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John ;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown

From this bare wither'd trunk : upon thy sight

My worldly business makes a period.

230

Where is my Lord of Warwick ?

Pri.

My Lord of Warwick !

Re-enter Warwick, and others

King Doth any name particular belong

Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King. Laud be to God ! even there my life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,

I should not die but in Jerusalem,

Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land :

But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie,

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

Exeunt 240

Act Fifth

SCENE I

*Gloucestershire Shallow's house**Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page**Shal.* By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night.

What, Davy, I say !

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.*Shal.* I will not excuse you, you shall not be excus'd,
excuses shall not be admitted, there is no excuse
shall serve, you shall not be excus'd. Why, Davy !*Enter Davy**Da.* Here, sir.*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy, [Davy, let me see, Davy,] let me
see, Davy, let me see : yea, marry, William cook,
bid him come hither, Sir John, you shall not be 10
excus'd.*Da.* Marry, sir, thus ; those precepts cannot be served,
and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with
wheat ?*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy, but for William cook : are
there no young pigeons ?

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Da. Yes, sir, here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast and paid : Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

20

Da. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had : and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost {the other day} at Hinckley fair ?

Shal. A' shall answer it : some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legg'd hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Da. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir ?

Shal. Yea, Davy, I will use him well, a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse : use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

30

Da. No worse than they are backbitten, sir, for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy, about thy business, Davy.

Da. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes o' the hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor, that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Da. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir ; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request ; an honest man,

40

sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not : I have serv'd your worship truly, sir, this eight years, an I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have {but a very} little credit with your worship : the knave is mine honest friend, sir, therefore, I beseech you, let him be countenanc'd

Shal. Go to I say, he shall have no wrong, look about, Davy : (*exit Davy*) where are you, Sir John ? 50
Come, come, come, off with your boots, give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bar. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with my heart, kind Master Bardolph, and welcome, my tall fellow (*to the Page*), come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow : (*exit Shallow.*) Bardolph, look to our horses. (*exeunt Bardolph and Page.*) If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' 60
staves as Master Shallow : it is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his : they, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices ; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man : their spirits are so married in conjunction, with the

participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and a' shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest, 70
 with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up! 80

Shal. (within) Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow, I come, Master Shallow.

Exit

SCENE II

*Westminster. The palace**Enter Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice, meeting**War.*How now, my lord chief justice, whither away?*C.J.* How doth the king?*War.* Exceeding well; his cares

Are now all ended.

C.J. I hope, not dead.*War.* He's walk'd the way of nature,

And to our purposes he lives no more.

C.J. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life

Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young king loves you not.*C.J.* I know he doth not, and do arm myself

10

To welcome the condition of the time,

Which cannot look more hideously upon me

Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter Lancaster, Clarence, Gloucester, Westmoreland,
and others**War.* Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:

O that the living Harry had the temper

Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!

†

KING HENRY IV—PART II

How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort !

C.J. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd !

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow. 20

Glo. }
Cla. } Good morrow, cousin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember, but our argument

Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy !

C.J. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

Glo. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed,
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lan. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find, 30
You stand in coldest expectation ;
I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair,
Which swims against your stream of quality.

C.J. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul ;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission,
If truth and upright innocence fail me.
I'll to the king my master that is dead, 40

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry the fifth, attended

C.J. Good morrow, and God save your majesty !

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think :

Brothers, you mix your sadness⁹ with some fear :

This is the English, not the Turkish court,

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, by my faith, it very well becomes you : 50

Sorrow so royally in you appears

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart : why then, be sad,

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burden laid upon us all :

For me, by heaven (I bid you be assur'd)

I'll be your father, and your brother too ;

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares :

Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I,

But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears 60

By number into hours of happiness.

Princes. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me, and you most ;

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

KING HENRY IV—PART II

C.J. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No ?

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me ?
What, rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England ? Was this easy ?
May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten ?

C.J. I then did use the person of your father,
The image of his power lay then in me,
And in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgement :
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you : if the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought ?
To pluck down justice from your awful bench ?
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person ?
Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,

And mock your workings in a second body ? 90
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours,
 Be now the father, and propose a son,
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ;
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And in your power soft silencing your son :
 After this cold considerance, sentence me,
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state
 What I have done that misbecame my place, 100
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right justice, and you weigh this well ;
 Therefore still bear the balance and the sword,
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did :
 So shall I live to speak my father's words,
 ' Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son ;
 And not less happy, having such a son, 110
 That would deliver up his greatness so,
 Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me :
 For which I do commit into your hand
 The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear,

With this remembrance, that you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
 As you have done 'gainst me : there is my hand,
 You shall be as a father to my youth,
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
 And I will stoop and humble my intents 120
 To your well-practis'd wise directions.
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech 'you,
 My father is gone wild into his grave ;
 For in his tomb lie my affections ;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectation of the world,
 To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now : 130
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now 'call we our high court of parliament,
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ;

In which you, father, shall have foremost hand. 140
 Our coronation done, we will accite,
 As I before remember'd, all our state :
 And (God consigning to my good intents)
 No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
 God shorten Harry's happy life one day ! *Exeunt*

SCENE III

Gloucestershire. Shallow's orchard

*Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Davy, Bardolph,
 and the Page*

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour,
 we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing,
 with a dish of caraways and so forth : come, cousin
 Silence : and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here goodly dwelling, and rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren, beggars all, beggars all, Sir
 John, marry, good air. Spread, Davy, spread, Davy,
 well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses ; he is your
 serving-man, and your husband. 10

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir
 John : by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at

supper : a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down, come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a, we shall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, *Singing*
And praise God for the merry year ;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam there and there

So merrily,

20

And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good Master Silence, I'll
give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Da. Sweet sir, sit, I'll be with you anon ; most sweet sir,
sit, master page, good master page, sit. Proface !
What you want in meat, we'll have in drink, but
you must bear, the heart's all. *Exit*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph ; and, my little soldier
there, be merry.

30

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all ; *Singing*
For women are shrews, both short and tall :
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this
mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy

Da. There's a dish of leather-coats for you. *To Bardolph*
Shal Davy! 40

Da. Your worship! I'll be with you straight. (*to*
Bardolph) A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. A cup of wine that's brisk and fine, *Singing*
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the
night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come; *Singing* 50
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome, if thou want'st any
thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart; welcome,
my little tiny thief (*to the Page*), and welcome indeed
too, I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the
cabileros about London.

Da. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bar. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha! will
you not, Master Bardolph? 60

Bar. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee, the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that a' will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing, be merry, (*knocking within*) look who's at door there, ho! who knocks?

Exit Davy

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

<i>Sil.</i>	Do me right,	<i>Singing</i>	70
	And dub me knight :		
	Samingo.		†

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter Davy

Da. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.

Enter Pistol

How now, Pistol?

80

Pis. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pis. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good :
sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men
in this realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of
Barson.

Pis. Puff ?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base !

Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,

90

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this
world

Pis. A foutre for the world and worldlings base !

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight ! what is thy news ?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

Singing 100

Pis. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons ?

And shall good news be baffled ?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Sbal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pis. Why then, lament therefore.

Sbal. Give me pardon, sir, if, sir, you come with news
from the court, I take it there's but two ways,

either to utter them, or conceal them ; I am, sir,
under the king, in some authority.

Pis. Under which king, Besonian ? speak, or die. 110

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pis. Harry the fourth, or fifth ?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pis. A foutre for thine office !

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king ;
Harry the fifth 's the man : I speak the truth :
When Pistol lies, do this, and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old king dead ?

Pis. As nail in door : the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph ! saddle my horse, Master Robert
Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 120
'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with
dignities.

Bar. O joyful day !
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pis. What ?ⁿ I do bring good news.

Fal. Carfy Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my
Lord Shallow,—be what thou wilt ; I am fortune's
steward—get on thy boots, we 'll ride all night. O
sweet Pistol, away, Bardolph, (*exit Bardolph*) come,
Pistol, utter more to me, and withal devise some- 130

thing to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow! I know the young king is sick for me! Let us take any man's horses, the laws of England are at my commandment, blessed are they that have been my friends, and woe to my lord chief justice!

Pis. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

'Where is the life that late I led?' say they:

Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days!

Exeunt

SCENE IV

London. A street

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess Quickly and

Doll Tearsheet

†

M. Q. No, thou arrant knave, I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hang'd, thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

First Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer, I warrant her, there hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou wert better

thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain 10

M.Q. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody: but I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

First Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions † again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me, for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

Doll. I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swing'd for this, you blue-bottle 20 rogue, you filthy famish'd correctioner, if you be not swing'd, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

First Bead. Come, come, you she-knight-errant, come.

M.Q. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come bring me to a justice.

M.Q. Ay, come, you starv'd blood-hound.

Doll. Goodman death, goodman bones!

M.Q. Thou stomy, thou!

Doll. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal. 30

First Bead. Very well. *Exeunt*

SCENE V

A public place near Westminster Abbey

Enter two grooms, strewing rushes

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

Sec. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

First Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from
the coronation : [dispatch, dispatch.] *Exeunt*

*Trumpets sound, and the King and his train pass
over the stage : after these enter Falstaff,
Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.*

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow ; I will
make the king do you grace, I will leer upon him as
a' comes by, and do but mark the countenance that
he will give me.

Pis. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol, stand behind me. O, if I had 10
had time to have made new liveries ! I would have
bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you,
but 'tis no matter, this poor show doth better, this
doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Pis. It doth so. †

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection,—

Pis. It doth so.

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Fal. My devotion,—

Pis. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

Shal. It is best, certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pis. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *obsque hoc nihil est*, 'tis in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

30

Pis. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage ;
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance, and contagious prison,
Hal'd thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand :
Rouse up revenge from ebon den, with fell Alecto's
"snake,

For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Shouts within, and the trumpets sound

Pis. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds. 40

*Enter the King and his train, the Lord Chief Justice
among them*

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal, my royal Hal !

Pis. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp
of fame !

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy !

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

C.J. Have you your wits ? know you what 'tis you speak ?

Fal. My king, my Jove ! I speak to thee, my heart !

King. I know thee not, old man, fall to thy prayers ;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester !

I have long dreamt of such a kind of man, 50

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane ;

But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream ;

Make less thy body—hence—and more thy grace,

Leave gormandizing, know the grave doth gape

For thee, thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest,

Presume not that I am the thing I was,

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self,

So will I those that kept me company. 60

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots :

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.
 For competence of life, I will allow you,
 That lack of means enforce you not to evils :
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves;
 We will, according to your strengths and qualities, 70
 Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
 To see perform'd the tenour of our word.
 Set on. *Exeunt King, etc..*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John ; which I beseech you to let
 me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you
 grieve at this, I shall be sent for in private to him :
 look you, he must seem thus to the world : fear
 not your advancements, I will be the man yet that 80
 shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you should give me
 your doublet, and stuff me out with straw : I beseech
 you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my
 thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that you
 heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours, go with me to dinner: come,
 Lieutenant Pistol, come, Bardolph, I shall be sent 90
 for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, and the Lord Chief Justice ;

Officers with them

C.J. Go, carry, Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet,
 Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

C.J. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
 Take them away.

Pis. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.*

Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief-Justice

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:

He hath intent his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for, 100

But all are banished till their conversations

Appear more wise and modest to the world.

C.J. And so they are.

Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

C.J. He hath.

Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords and native fire

As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,

Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.

Come, will you hence?

Exeunt 110

EPILOGUE

Spoken by a Dancer

First my fear ; then my courtesy ; last my speech.

My fear is your displeasure, my courtesy, my duty, and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me, for what I have to say is of mine own making, and what, indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I 10 meant indeed to pay you with this, which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promis'd you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies : bate me some, and I will pay you some, and (as most debtors do) promise you infinitely : and so I kneel down before you ; but indeed to pray † for the Queen.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs ? and yet 20

that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt ; but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I : all the gentlewomen here have forgiven me ; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you ; if you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make 30
you merry with fair Katharine of France, where, (for any thing I know) Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be kill'd with your hard opinions ; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man : my tongue is weary : when my legs are too, I will bid you good-night.

Notes

I. i. 34. see next note.

I. i. 161. *This strained passion . . .*; this line occurs only in Q and is there given to *Umfr.*, presumably the Sir John Umfraville of l. 34. It looks as though there had been some revision of the characters in the scene.

I. i. 170. *cf.* Part I, I. iii. 191.

I. ii. 5. I have retained throughout the play something near Q's punctuation of Falstaff's speeches, since it may be significant of Shakespeare's intentions. But all the prose in the play is suspiciously lightly punctuated.

I. ii. 97. *smack of an ague*; F, perhaps rightly, reads *smack of age*.

I. ii. 119. *Fal.* (speech-heading); Q reads *Old.*, an uncorrected relic of the stage when Falstaff was Oldcastle.

I. ii. 164-66. The Q compositor had a bad time here, reading *Berod* for (presumably) a mis-heard *bear-herd*; and *as the malice of his age shapes the one* for *as the malice . . . them, are*, (*the* for *thē* and *one* for *are* being both easy errors). And he follows it up with *bel he* for *belly* in l. 182.

I. ii. 183. *hallowing*, *sc* both Q and F. The ordinary modern reading is 'halloing.' But though 'hallow' is normal Elizabethan for 'hallo,' 'hallo' is here inept in connection with singing of anthems. And 'hallow' also means 'to keep holy day.'

I. iii. 36 *et seq.* In this long speech of Bardolph, which only F gives in its entirety, it looks almost as though the last five lines had been intended to be a concise summary of, and replace, ll. 41-55, but F had printed all together.

I. iii. 66. *are a body*; for the sake of a reading that makes sense I

have accepted F's facile emendation of the Q, *I think we are so, body strong enough*, but the emendation carries singularly little conviction.

I. iii. 79. This is the Q reading, with the addition of *To the* before *French*.

II. i. 118. The complete change of tone in this speech of Falstaff's is noticeable

II. i. 163. Q reads *Billingsgate*.

II. ii. 23. *bawl*; the usual emendation of Q *bal*; but no one has made any real sense of the emendation. One wonders whether *bat* is not possible, in the sense of 'possing' clothes [see N.E.D., where 'battle' (cf. 'batler,' the instrument for beating clothes in the wash) is regarded as possibly a frequentative of 'bat']. Though this does nothing to explain either the relevance of the allusion to the poor in spirit (unless indeed there is an elaborate pun, involving a misreference, to the peace-(piece)-makers) nor the unexpected appearance of the midwives.

II. ii. 119. *Pri.* (speech heading); this is the one insertion needed to make the allocation of speeches of both Q and F run correctly, and much more pointedly than the common redistribution. (The Prince is, of course, reading over Poin's shoulder)

II. iv. 13. I have adhered in the first 21 lines of this scene to the speech allocation of Q, though it has the obvious difficulty that Francis changes his mind and goes to look for Sneak himself. But I suspect that the '*Dra.*' who says 'Dispatch' is not the same as the one with the apple-johns, but one who 'enters hurriedly' to warn the others. And after *Bardolph hath brought word* Q has the mysterious direction, *Enter Will*.

II. iv. 47. *joy*, this must surely conceal some vigorous expletive,

since F goes out of its way to emend to *marry*. (? *Jesu*, an *o:e* error, and misreading of long *s* and *u* as *y*.)

II. iv. 56. *rheumatic*; presumably a blunder for something else (? *choleric*); but why toasts (*i.e.* pieces of toast) should be choleric—or for that matter rheumatic—no one has explained.

II. iv. 94. *tame cheater*; in Beaumont and Fletcher, *Fair Maid of the Inn*, a 'tame cheater' is equated with a decoy-duck: but what this has to do with a puppy greyhound no one has explained. ('Cheetah' is apparently not known, in print, earlier than 1704.)

II. iv. 143. The F omission suggests a topicality which had lost its point. (See N.E.D.; the word fell almost out of use in the 17th and 18th centuries, presumably owing to its debasement to the sense of 'cohabit'.)

II. iv. 151. It looks as though this speech should be verse, and it is easy to extract one thoroughly Pistoian decasyllable, *With Erebus and tortures vile also*, but the rest is recalcitrant. If we read *damned* in both places we can turn the whole thing into four Alexandrines of a kind.

II. iv. 155. *Hyren*, presumably an allusion to a play (not extant) of Peele's, *The Turkish Mahomet* and *Hyren the Fair Greek* (*Hyren* = *Irene*).

II. iv. 159. Parodying 2 *Tamurlaine*, IV. iii. 1, 2.

Holla, ye pampered Jades of Asia:
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day?

while 173 below parodies Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*.

Feed them, and faint not, fair Calipolis . . .
Feed and be fat . . .

Much of the rest of Pistol is probably parody to which we have lost the clue.

II. iv. 214. *the Nine Worthies*, the exact list varies, but there were usually three Pagans, three Jews, and three Christians, e.g., Hector, Pompey, Cæsar, David, Joshua, Judas Maccabeus, Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Buillon. Cf. *'Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 1.

II. iv. 238. *flap-dragons*; the flap-dragon is a mysterious creature beyond the facts that it was something to be drunk, and that the drinking was something of a feat, the passages cited are not illuminating. It is usually thought to be one of the raisins or the like in the bowl of burning liquor in the Christmas game of 'snap-dragon.' But Johnson explained that it was a small combustible body lighted at one end and floated in liquor, when it was the drinker's trick to drink the liquor without the combustible causing a disaster.

* II. iv. 257. *fiery Trigon*; the twelve signs of the Zodiac were astrologically divided into four 'trigons,' Ario, Leo, and Sagittarius being the fiery signs.

II. iv. 310. *in love with thee*; so Q. F reads *him*, an unnecessary change, so long as Falstaff opens his speech by replying to Poin's question, and then turns to the Prince.

II. iv. 376. *She comes blubber'd*, this is given as in Q. If correct, Mistress Quickly must, I think, be calling to Falstaff, and *blubber'd* may conceal some vocative. Or perhaps the three words should be in italics, as a stage-direction.

III. 1. 27. *sea's son*; Q *season*, F *sea-boy*. The F reading, usually accepted, is suspect, partly from the awkward repetition of 'ship-boy,' and partly because no other early use is recorded.

III. 1. 30. (*happy*) *low lie down*; this, the Q punctuation, seems, for all that it is a trifle staccato, at least as satisfactory as that of F, which is usually accepted, *happy low, lie down*.

III. i. 97. *an echo*; Q and F, *and echo*.

III. ii. 130 *much*; ironical. The F emendation to *not* is unnecessary.

III. ii. 164. *leader of so many thousands*, (?) because Wart is villainous.

III. ii. 264. *thas*, so Q, and here retained since it is curious that so ordinary a word as *thus* should be mis-spelt unless there is a point in the mis-spelling (? a parody of military drill-sergeant's accent).

III. ii. 304. *invincible*, so both Q and F, but 'invisible' is tempting.

III. ii. 310. *Vice's dagger*; i.e. 'the dagger of lath' of the Vice in the old Moralities.

IV. i. (S.D.). *Coleville*; F adds him to the other entrants, and, though he does not speak, there is reason in this, since we are ready to recognise him as a distinguished rebel in IV. iii.

IV. i. 95. *To brother born* . . ., something has clearly gone wrong here, which F, as often, cures by mere omission. But it looks as though some contrast were intended between the Archbishop's own brother (who had been beheaded) and his 'general' brother.

IV. i. 193 *royal faiths*; none of the suggested explanations is particularly convincing (e.g. 'if we were martyrs in our devotion to the king').

IV. ii. 8. *iron man talking*, so Q. F not unnaturally omits *talking*, which is both weak and hypermetric. But it must represent something in the copy (? an alternative for *cheering*).

IV. iii. 42. *there cousin*, Q *there cosin*. F omits, and the words as they stand seem quite irrelevant, nevertheless there they are. (Is there possibly underlying it 'thrasonic,' cf. *As You Like It*.) (Q for *nosed* reads *nosoe*, a particularly pretty instance of the o.e. e:d errors).

IV. iv. 104. *write . . . letters*; so F. Q reads *net . . . termes*.

IV. iv. 132 (S.D.). There is no sign in either Q or F of the scene-division here given by modern editors, not even an *exeunt*, and the King's speech has no break in it. The stage-direction here given I hope represents what occurred.

IV. v. 74. *tolling*; Q *toling*, F *culling*. It looks as though F had added the half-line when it changed *toling* to *culling*. *Tolling* (i.e. 'taking toll of') is more normal without the direct object which *culling* needs.

IV. v. 161-64. *thou best of gold . . .*, I have, rather dubiously, taken the F reading: it gives the required sense with a minimum of change.

IV. v. 204. *my friends*; the usual emendation of *thy friends* (Q, F); but I suspect the trouble, especially in view of the King's comment on the 'friends,' to lie in *friends* rather than in *thy*. One is almost tempted to think that Shakespeare was reviving the old sense of 'fiend,' i.e. simply 'enemy.'

V. ii. 16. *Of him*, Q *Of he*, which may be a mishearing of *Of e'en*, which would be more pointed.

V. ii. 48. *Amurath*, Sultan Amurath III marked his accession in 1574 by having all his brothers strangled, and his son, who succeeded in 1594, imitated him.

V. iii. 72 *Samingo*, the usual refrain of this drinking song is *Domingo* or *Don Mingo*.

V. iv. (S.D.). Q gives *Enter Sinckio*, presumably the same actor who appears in his own name in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

V. iv. 15. *dozen of cushions . . .*, i.e. Doll is wearing a cushion to pretend pregnancy.

V. v. 15, 17, 19. Q gives all three speeches to Pistol, F gives the

KING HENRY IV—PART II

first to Shallow and the other two to Pistol. The repetition in l. 19 is much more like Shallow.

EPILOGUE, 17. *and sq. . . . the Queen.* This is given by F as the concluding words. But the Q order is surely the right one. Here the speaker kneels, at the end he is dancing.

Epilogue, 34. *Oldcastle . . .*, see Preface to Part I

Glossary

MANY words and phrases in Shakespeare require glossing, not because they are in themselves unfamiliar, but for the opposite reason, that Shakespeare uses in their Elizabethan and unfamiliar sense a large number of words which seem so familiar that there is no incentive to look for them in the glossary. It is hoped that a glossary arranged as below will make it easy to see at a glance what words and phrases in any particular scene require elucidation. A number of phrases are glossed by what seems to be, in their context, the modern equivalent rather than by lexicographical glosses on the words which compose them

Induction

<i>line</i>	<i>line</i>
18 BLUNT, dull-witted	37 POSTS, messengers

Act First

SCENE I

30 OVER-RODE, passed	129 VAIL HIS STOMACH, lower his
37 FORSPENT, worn out	courage
53 POINT, tagged lace on clothes	147 QUOIF, close-fitting cap
57 HILDING, worthless	148 WANTON, soft
118 FURN'D ON THEMSELVES, i.e. the	149 FLESH'D, having tasted blood
edge turned	214 POSTS, messengers

SCENE II

3 MOE, more (<i>Eliz. plural</i>)	14 MANDRAKE, . . . plant whose
5 GIRD, jeer	forked root was supposed
13 SET ME OFF, be a foil to me	to look like a man (<i>cf.</i>
	'forked radish')

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Act I Sc. II—continued

line		line	
16	AGATE, little figure in a seal-ring	152	WASSAIL CANDLE, candle for feast
18	JUVENAL, youth	159	ILL ANGEL, false coin
22	FACI-ROYAL, <i>pun on face on the coin a 'royal'</i>	161	GO, <i>pun on (a) walk, (b) pass current</i>
36	BEAR IN HAND, 'lead on'	164	PREGNANCY, readiness of wit
37	STAND UPON, make a fuss about	170	VAWARD, vanguard
38	SMOOTHY-PATES, <i>because tradesmen wore their hair short</i>	183	APPROVE, prove claim to
46	HORN, <i>triple pun (a) symbol of cuckoldry, (b) cornucopia, (c) the equivalent of glass in a lantern</i>	192	SACK, a white wine of Spain ('of sherry character')
52	PAUL's, St Paul's (<i>then a general meeting place of, amongst others, persons seeking employment</i>)	206	SPIT WHITE, sign of (a) immoderate drinking or (b) thurst, or perhaps (c) health (<i>i.e. not blood</i>)
89	HUNT COUNTER, follow the trail in the wrong direction	220	CROSSES, <i>pun on (a) troubles, (b) coins</i>
116	GALEN, early Greek physician	222	THREE-MAN BEETLE, hammer with three handles
122	BY THE HEELS, in the stocks	226	DEGREES, (?) stages of life
129	SCRUPLE, (a) weight, (b) doubt		PREVENT, anticipate
134	LAND-SERVICE, <i>as opposed to sea-service</i>	240	FOR MY COLOUR, to colour my deception
146	O'ER-POSTING, leaving behind		

SCENE III

27	LIN'D, fortified	94	FRIMM'D, furnished with
33	WINKING, shutting his eyes	102	ON, of
47	AT LEAST, at the worst	109	DRAW, mobilise
52	CONSENT, agree		

Act Second

SCENE I

<i>line</i>		<i>line</i>	
15	FOIN, thrust	85	SINGING-MAN, a choir-man (therefore perhaps a eunuch)
37	MALMSEY, strong sweet wine	93	GREEN, unhealed
43	QUEAN, hussy	118	SNEAP, snub
46	HONEY-SUCKLE, (?) homicidal	140	WATER-WORK, water-colour
81-82	PARCEL-GILT, with a gilt pattern	143	HUMOURS, moods
84	WHEESON, Whitsun	145	DRAW, withdraw

SCENE II

3	AITACH'D, laid hands on	96	MARTLEMAS, <i>old form of Martin-</i> <i>mas, i e. hale old man (cf. All</i> <i>halloven summer, i Henry IV,</i> <i>I. ii. 153)</i>
6	SMALL BEER, thin beer	140	FRANK, sty
20	RACKET, <i>pun on</i> uproar	143	EPHESIANS, boon-companions
23	HOLLAND, fine linen	159	ROAD, <i>slang for</i> prostitute
44	PERSISTENCY, <i>sc in bad ways</i>		
56	ACCITES, induces		
59	ENGRAFFED, attached to		
74	POTTLE-POT, 2-quart measure		

SCENE III •

24	THICK, fast (<i>cf. 'thick and fast'</i>)	38	DEFENSIBLE, to promise defence
30	HUMOURS, moods	61	RECORDATION, memorial

SCENE IV

1-2	APPLE-JOHNs, a kind of apple (ready for gathering on St John's day) of which the skin witheres when ripe	11	SNEAK'S NOISE, band of musicians lead by Sneak (<i>of some repute</i> <i>and mentioned again by Hey-</i> <i>wood fifteen years later)</i>
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KING HENRY IV—PART II

Act II Sc. iv—continued

line	line
19 OLD UTIS, rare fun	175 SI FORTUNE . . . , (<i>garbling of Spanish proverb</i>) if fortune
20 STRATAGEM, trick	torments me, hope contents
26 CANARIES, (<i>Canary</i>) sweet wine	me
from Canary Islands	
36 CALM, (<i>blunder for</i>) qualm	179 NEAF, hand
48 OUCHES, brooches	182 FUSTIAN, ranting
53 CONGER, conger-eel	183-84 GALLOWAY NAGS, small swift
57-58 WHAT THE GOOD-YEAR, (<i>mean-</i>	horses
<i>ing uncertain</i>) (?) what in the	185 QUOIT, pitch
name of good fortune ?	185-86 SHOVE-GROAT SHILLING, a
63 HULK, merchant-ship	'shove-halfpenny'
67 ANCIENT, ensign	189 IMBRUE, shed blood
96 BARBARY HEN, guinea-hen	192 THE SISTERS THREE, the Fates
108 CHARGE YOU, give you a toast ?	(<i>Lachesis, Clotho, Atropos</i>)
112 NOT HARDLY, <i>redundant negative</i> ,	193 TOWARD, afoot
with difficulty	211 CHOPS, fat-cheeks
119 MATE, fellow	223 TIDY, in good condition
120 MEAT, <i>pun on 'mate' above</i>	BATHOLOMEW BOAR-PIG, pig sold
123 BUNG, pickpocket (<i>slang</i>)	at Bartholomew Fair, Aug. 24
125 CHAPS, cheeks	230 PANTLER, pantry-boy
CUTTLE, cutpurse	CHIPPED, chopped off the hard
126 BOTTLE-ALE, frothy	crust
BASKET-HILT STALE JUGGLER, jug-	238-39 WILD-MARE, see-saw
gler play stale tricks with	241 SIGN OF THE LEG, the sign of the
sword	booted leg over bootmaker's
128 POINTS, laces for fastening	shop
attour	242 BATE, strife
129 MURDER, <i>i.e. tear off</i>	260 BUSSES, kisses
136 TRUNCHEON, club	265 KIRTLE, gown
154 FAITORS, (?) vagabonds	290 CANDLE-MINE, store of tallow
163 WELKIN, sky	322 PRICK'D, marked
164 TOYS, trifles	323 PRIVY-KITCHEN, private kitchen
171 WHAT THE GOOD YEAR, see gloss	324 MALT-WORMS, topers
on line 58	371 PEASCOD, pea-pod

Act Third

SCENE I

*line**line*

9 CRIBS, hovels

SCENE II

7 OUSEL, blackbird
 21 SWINGE-BUCKLERS, swash-bucklers
 22 BONA-ROBAS, prostitutes
 29 CRACK, small boy
 37 ~~HOW~~, how much
 46 CLAPP'D I' THE CLOUT, hit the
 bull's eye
 47 FOREHAND SHAFT, an arrow shot
 straight forward simply for
 distance
 62-63 BACK-SWORD, single-stick
 110 PRICK, mark
 129 SON, *pun on sun*
 255-56 GIBBETS ON, hangs on him-
 self

256 BUCKET, yoke (as for milk pails)
 262 CALIVER, arquebus
 264 TRAVERSE, march backwards and
 forwards
 267 SHOT, marksman
 268 TESTER, sixpence
 273 QUIVER, nimble
 308 OVERSCUTCHED HUSWIVES, often-
 whipped wantons
 CARMEN, lowest social grade
 317 TREBLE HAUTBOY, the smallest
 of the Eliz. reed instruments
 (oboe)
 321 TWO STONES, *one for transmuting*
 to gold, the other to silver

Act Fourth

SCENE I

11 HOLD SORTANCE, *suit*
 45 INVESTMENTS, robes
 52 POINT, trumpet-call
 121 SIGHTS OF, slits in.

125 WARDER, staff of office
 151 A KEN, sight
 172 INSINUED, knit into
 173 ACQUITTED, remedied

KING HENRY IV—PART II

Act IV Sc. i.—*continued*

<i>line</i>		<i>line</i>	
174	PRESENT, immediate	213	HANGS, suspends (<i>so that it does not descend</i>)
176	AWFUL, feeling awe	219	OFFER, attack
198	DAINTY, quibbling PICKING, finicking		

SCENE II

20	INTELLIGENCER, interpreter	45	SUPPLIES, reserves
33	IN COMMON SENSE, as anyone can see		SECOND, repeat

SCENE III

21	INDIFFERENCY, reasonable size	99	FORGETIVE, (?) creative
50	GILT TWOPENCES, silver two- pences gilded to counterfeit gold half-crowns	119	HUSBANDED, farmed
		129	TEMPERING, softening (as wax)

SCENE IV

34	HUMOROUS, moody	77	METE, measure
35	FLAWS, (?) flakes of snow (' <i>flaw</i> '), <i>usually means gust of wind</i>	79	WHEN, that
48	ACONITUM, a poison (wolf's- bane)	99	SHRIEVE, sheriff
67	LOOK BEYOND, misjudge	106	POOR IN HEALTH, i.e. the healthy poor
		119	MURE, wall

SCENE V

26	BIGGEN, coarse linen cloth serv- ing as nightcap	74	ROLLING, taking toll
70	ENGROSSED, amassed	158	ON THEE DEPENDING, that results from your possession

Act IV Sc. v—*continued*

<i>line</i>		<i>line</i>	
162	POTABLE, drinkable	229	UPON THY SIGHT, on seeing you
207	BY, because of	230	MAKES A PERIOD, comes to a full
	LODGE, harbour		stop

Act Fifth

SCENE I

1	COCK AND PIE, corruption of 'God' and 'pie' (service-book)	19	CAST, reckoned
12	PRECEPTS, requisition	21	BUCKET, <i>probably</i> yoke <i>rather than</i> <i>pail</i> , as in III. ii. 256
13	HEADLAND, unploughed land at end of furrows (but Q may be right, <i>bade land</i> —'high-lying land')	27	KICKSHAWS, fancy dishes
		44	BEAR OUT, back up
		78	TERMS, law-terms
			ACTIONS, legal actions

SCENE II

141	ACCITE, summon	143	CONIGNING TO, sealing, <i>i.e.</i> agreeing to
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SCENE III

26	PROFACE, formula of welcome at a meal	96	FOUTRE, coarse word of contempt
39	LEATHER-COATS, russet apples	110	BESONIAN, recruit, tyro
44	LEMAN, mistress	115	FIG, insult with contemptuous gesture of thumb placed between two fingers
56	CABILEROS, gallants		
61	POTTLE-POT, 2-quart pot		
62	LIGGENS, (<i>exact force of oath unknown</i>)		

KING HENRY IV—PART II

SCENE IV

line

- 7 NUT-HOOK, constable
19 THIN MAN IN A CENSER, figure on
a censer (*i.e.* perfuming-pan)
22 HALF-KIRTLES, either top or
bottom half of a gown

line

- 25 SUFFERANCE, suffering
29 ATOMY, *for* anatomy, *i.e.*
skeleton

SCENE V

- 28 SEMPER IDEM, always the same
OBSQUE HOC NIHIL EST, apart
from this there is nothing
(*blunder for 'absque'*)
36 MECHANICAL, of a worker

- 37 EBON, ebony
ALECTO, "one of the Furies
87 COLOUR, pretence
92 FLEET, the Fleet Prison

Epilogue

- 15 BATE, remit

